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THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE.

MR. FRANK MOULTON, THE "MUTUAL FRIEND," APPEARING BEFORE THE PLYMOUTH INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.—SEE PAGE 375.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated newspaper in America.

OUR NEW STORY.

MR. FRANK LESLIE has the pleasure of informing his readers that he will soon present in this journal the first chapters of a new story, entitled

"AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON,"

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade o' Grass," "Grief," "Joshua Marvel," "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," "Golden Gram," and "Jessie Trim."

The welcome with which Mr. Farjeon's former stories have been received in all parts of the world shows that he has succeeded to the popularity once enjoyed by Charles Dickens. This last story is a marvel of fiction. It has been written expressly for

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

and will appear only in this journal. It is the best story of the year. We give the titles to the chapters of Part First:

"AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON,"

PART FIRST—THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD.

I.

SILVER CREEK TOWNSHIP.

II.

HOW BABY OBTAINED HER SHARE IN THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

III.

THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE, AND WHAT PART BABY TOOK IN THE PERFORMANCES.

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VI.

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VII.

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VIII.

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XVII.

"DEAR OLD FELLOW! GOD BLESS MARGARET AND YOU!"

THE SOUTHERNER.

NEITHER the native New Englander nor the native Southerner has ever lost his identity with his forefathers. Charles Francis Adams and Wendell Phillips are types of character that were seen in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. Robert E. Lee and Lucius Q. C. Lamar are known to us as faithful descendants of those adventurous, chivalrous throngs that first sought the banks of the James and the Savannah. The Southerner has changed less than any other American. He has bred in and in, and to-day he has the large bones, the spare side-face and the sober, earnest look of his ancestors. He is still timid and honest in affairs of business, courteous in affairs of society, and keen in affairs of politics. The leisure given to the whites by slave-labor developed two traits in the South. One was the habit of study, and the other was a devotion to the sports of the field; and though the philosopher like Madison loved adventure, the traits distinguished two different classes of men: the learned and the unlearned. But these two classes met on the common ground of politics. The township system in respect to its politics-development was stronger in the South than in New England. And the political system developed was local and wholly Southern. Democracy was narrow and undemocratic; and the South was never able to look upon the North as anything but a motley, incongruous mass, to be used, but not respected. It met the North only in convention, and though it permitted the Democratic Party to have Presidents from the North, it would permit it to choose only the weakest men. The moment so strong a man as Stephen A. Douglas was spoken of, the South lost control of itself and of the nation.

The Southerner always got from Europe what he read, and from the Europe of long ago; so that his opinions had a conservative, old-fashioned flavor. He did not know the signs of American times, but no man so well knew the little details of European history and politics. In a climate which induces contemplation rather than arduous struggle with the practical events of life, he pondered problems that were a half-century old; though in the fierceness of conventional or congressional debate he had a way of giving his problems a smack of original flavor. Even during the war, when Northern generals were winning battles by expedients, and by lessons learned in an hour, such Southerners as Jackson and Lee were fighting battles with the tactics of the best soldiers of the past, learned in frontier barracks, but applied with their own genius. But they never could understand the character of the men they were fighting. They were a different race.

What most surprises us in the Southern character, is that extreme honesty with which it approached everything. The Southerner's political intrigues were matters of science applying affairs of sentiment. He was honest in maintaining slavery, and the men who are now able to acknowledge the wrong of the old system are very few. We have never felt disposed to curse the first settlers on the James River for receiving the Dutch vessel with its slaves, because we were always checked by the thought that near the time when it arrived the ancestors of our New England Abolitionists were hanging witches. The training of the South and the influences of slavery itself deprived the Southerner of ability to see the fundamental error of his political and social system.

In our day, after nine years of suffering and patience, the Southerner rouses from his political lethargy, and, with new conditions of society around him, resumes his old habit of political planning. It is not surprising that his plans relate wholly to himself. He is honestly selfish, and he does not love a North that defeated him. His plan is necessarily a startling one. He seeks power alone; and there is a flavor both of genius and of the absurd in his effort to take a new step towards it. As the Republican Party and Grant are two elements of power, he will rob one from the other. In 1872 he took Republicans like Greeley and Schurz from Grant. Failing to get power, he now offers to take Grant from the Republican Party. Political manœuvres in the South always had a tincture of impudent bravery.

Grant is a man every way who would please the South. He never hated the South, and he fought his battles because it was his vocation to fight battles. The South respects him for winning them. Nothing goes further in the South than a good fighter, unless it be a good horse. The very faults ascribed to Grant by his critics would be considered virtues by leading Southern politicians. His cigar-smoke would be social incense. His appreciation of blue-grass whisky would be no offense to a people who talk over their political dreams on the porches of wayside inns. His lack of that frankness quality which leads men of the North sometimes to talk much about progress would endear him to the Southern heart. Some of his social habits might be compared by them with those of Old Hickory.

We think that Grant affects the South. His compliment to "the immortal Jackson" may have been sentimental and honest, but it was also politic. He appreciates a people who dream and speculate; and he has reason for knowing that, when roused from social slumber and hurried into the field, they fought well. Then, he knows that the dream of the

South is a dream of political despair; and he has an honest respect for a fallen foe. He adds to this quality that other one of being the only man who can retain the black vote and at the same time win the white; and while men like John Forsyth will never coalesce with negroes, either socially or politically, there need be no wonder if they will permit the negroes to vote for a white candidate of their choosing. We may all be assured that the South will not refuse General Grant, plus a third term. The third term idea is a new one; but the South eventually will not refuse it, either because it is new or because it is startling. The very danger that may lie in it will be a charm to men who are never afraid to walk on the brink.

"THE MINISTER'S VIGIL."

AMERICA has produced no other romance equal to Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," a work in which we read the story of Hester Prynne, a pretty young married woman who left England for Boston in the days of witch-hanging, leaving her husband, Roger Chillingworth, an elderly man, in order to seek some time before him the fortunes of the New World. In Boston of that time was a pale, holy and pensive young pastor, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, who was adored by his people. One day he was called upon to exhort unto penitence the almost unknown young woman, Hester Prynne, who stood upon the public scaffold, with a babe in her arms and a scarlet letter "A," indicating adultery, deftly embroidered as a lifetime penalty upon her breast. Roger Chillingworth, the husband, was in the crowd that day; he vowed vengeance, and he became a sour, vindictive old man. After several years the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, with her child, met in a wood, and in the description of their meeting is a revelation to the reader of the story that the father of the babe "Pearl" was the holy young Arthur Dimmesdale himself. For years this woman's breast had beat sadly, yet faithfully, under her scarlet shame—for the act of herself and the young man. They determined to fly to England; but on their way through the streets of Boston, the Reverend Arthur, *after* discovering that old Roger Chillingworth had secured passage in the vessel they were to take, mounted the town scaffold, with Hester and Pearl by his side, and, opening his vestment, displayed to the wondering and puzzled populace a scarlet letter "A" similar to that which Hester wore upon her breast. Then, exhausted by years of suffering and this last act of tardy bravery, he fell dead.

We recently gave a widely-admired picture-study of Hester Prynne emerging from Boston Jail on her way to the scaffold. We this week give an illustration and faithful study of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale as he stood one black night, long before his death, without great peril of discovery, upon the platform on which Hester Prynne had suffered. "In this vain show of expiation," he stood and saw a dim light gleaming a long way off, borne by his brother, clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who had been visiting a dying man. The divine and the light passed by and left him with darkness and his sin. He fancied that when twilight came he would be surrounded by matrons and virgins gazing at him in shame. In his anguish he thought he saw in the zenith the appearance of an immense letter "A," marked out in lines of dull red light. There came to him in the darkness Hester and Pearl, who stood beside him; and it happened that old Roger Chillingworth, who had been at the deathbed of Governor Winthrop, passed by and saw them. With a chill despondency, Dimmesdale was led away. "The next day," writes Hawthorne, "being the Sabbath, he preached a discourse which was held to be the richest and most powerful, and the most replete with heavenly influences, that had ever proceeded from his lips. Souls, it is said more souls than one, were brought to the truth by the efficacy of that sermon, and vowed to cherish a holy gratitude towards Mr. Dimmesdale throughout the long hereafter." As he came down from the pulpit, the sexton said: "Did your reverence hear of the portent that was seen last night?—a great red letter in the sky—the letter 'A,' which we interpret to stand for Angel?" "No," answered the minister, "I had not heard of it."

Thus, the strange, sad story of the "Scarlet Letter" runs, not without touches of infinite sweetness, but showing the misery of an unchaste burden. More than anything else, it teaches the weakness of a good man and the shame of a gentle woman. For no doubt, Hester Prynne, shielding her pastor, had a noble soul. "Little accustomed," says Hawthorne, "in her long seclusion from society, to measure her ideas of right and wrong by any standard external to herself, Hester saw, or seemed to see, that there lay a responsibility upon her, in reference to this clergyman, which she owed to no other; nor to the whole world besides. *** Here was the iron link of mutual crime, which neither he nor she could break." Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale was not consciously an unholy man. Roger Chillingworth said of him: "This man, pure as they deem him—all spiritual as he seems—hath inherited a strong animal nature from his father or his mother." And Dimmesdale said: "Guilty as they [men] may be,

retaining, nevertheless, a zeal for God's glory and man's welfare, they shrink from displaying themselves black and filthy in the view of men; because, thenceforward, no good can be achieved by them; no evil of the past redeemed by better service." More than once he had gone into the pulpit determining to confess all. He had really said that he was vile and the worst of sinners; but they called him "The Saint on Earth." He suffered and was penitent.

There are half-and-half natures like these. Bonaparte at Lodi knew no fear; before the Five Hundred he turned sick and pale. Goethe, who could write so pathetically of poor Marguerite, had seduced poor Marguerite. Bacon, the founder of a philosophy and the writer of an age, stole like an idiot and took his death like a fool. There was no braver or more patriotic man than Benedict Arnold, until he fell. Byron, how great and small was he!—and Shelley, who loved like an angel and lived like a dog. These are antithetical natures; and it seems that when a man's soul reaches highest his body goes lowest. And Hawthorne, pure, good mystic, could conceive, like a weird prophet, the dreadful romance of "The Scarlet Letter," in which there is no sadder chapter than "The Minister's Vigil."

THE THIRD-TERM DISCUSSION.

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical manager in this city some years ago gave the direction of his theatre into the hands of a celebrated actress, supposing his suggestions would carry with them the force of authority. It was not long, however, before he discovered that those things he particularly desired should be done were not done, and those he was most anxious to avoid were sure to come to pass. Being a man of brains and resources, he showed neither anger nor disappointment, but possessed his soul in patience and quietly changed his policy. Afterwards, when he desired his "manageress" not to do it, and if he wished to avoid anything, he strenuously insisted upon it. And so, through the stubbornness and contrariness of the woman, he obtained *by force* what she would have refused if he had frankly asked her for what he wanted.

The same thing is true of this third-term discussion. It has no foundation in fact. In the beginning it was an idea which emanated from the brain of one man, and was made to serve a particular purpose. It was intended as a summer sensation in the dearth of news. Nobody was previously aware of the existence of Caesarianism in this country. The feeling of the people was rather in favor of the one-term principle. The third term idea had not entered the brain of any American up to the time it began to be vigorously combated in the *Herald*. If the editor of the *Herald* had been less astute in his management of the subject, it would have failed to make the summer sensation he desired, and the bantling would have died almost before it was born. It was a shrewd policy, akin to that of the theatrical manager, which kept it alive and compelled its discussion by the press and the people. Mr. Bennett invented the idea, and by vigorously opposing it, that stubborn and contrary spirit which is so apt to take up the other side made it an issue. We seriously believe that General Grant himself had never thought of the possibility of another term till the *Herald* insisted upon it that he must renounce any such design. Being an ambitious man, he perhaps felt the demanded renunciation to be a godsend to him, and being both stubborn and contrary, it is not impossible that he immediately began to count upon the possibility of a third term. The political time-servers took the hint, at any rate, and the more the *Herald* denounced its own bugbear, the stronger and more dangerous did the third-term ghost become. Now, perhaps the traditions of the Republic are to be violated, but if General Grant is again nominated for the Presidency, it will be for no better reason than that the *Herald* raised a spectre because it was in need of a sensation to tide it over the summer.

All this is a curious illustration of the power of the press. As an illustration, it may teach a useful lesson, if the danger which it threatens can be averted. But it is not a power upon the possession of which the press has any reason to congratulate itself, or for the exercise of which the people ought to be grateful. That such a *ruse* should be successful, even so far as to provoke a general discussion, is not complimentary either to the common sense or the vaunted intelligence of the masses. The discussion certainly has been widespread, but we do not believe it has touched the sympathies or affected the judgment of the American people. A political intrigue may have grown out of it, but the intrigue is confined to the politicians just as the discussion is confined to the press. A proof of this is found in the fact that the Beecher-Tilton scandal has almost crushed the life out of this third-term business for the year. If Theodore Tilton had made his charges against Henry Ward Beecher in the summer of 1873, instead of 1874, there can be little doubt that we never should have had this third term discussion at all. Then the editor of the *Herald* would not have had any occasion to disturb his quiet life in Paris by inventing a sensation to serve his journal dur-

ing the dearth of news, and give piquancy to his editorial columns in the dog-days. Nobody would have listened to discussions of Caesarism while they could find subjects of gossip in the scandals of Plymouth Church. The Beecher-Tilton contest might have been fought out last year as well as this, and we are sorry that it did not begin thirteen months ago, as it would have saved the country from this great foolishness.

One other point growing out of this third-term discussion yet remains to be noticed. In the newspapers, at least, it has dwarfed all other topics of political importance. Though the Forty-fourth Congress is about to be elected, all the questions affecting finance and taxation and railroad monopoly—indeed, all matters of real political significance—are quietly ignored by the Press. Yet the Forty-fourth Congress can scarcely fail to occupy a place in history side by side with the Twenty-seventh. Besides being in power during the centennial year of the Republic, it will be compelled to discuss and dispose of questions which will mark an era in our history. Both parties will need a platform for the Presidential campaign of 1876, and for this, each party will look to its leaders in the Forty-fourth Congress. In spite of all this, the greatest apathy prevails with regard to the election of Congressmen. This shows two things—that the third-term principle has no hold upon the people, and that the Press is blundering in discussing a subject which the people despise. Only the political people of the South will care for it; not as a sentiment, but as a means of attaining power. But we suppose the discussion must go on, for the *Herald* is a powerful paper, and will not let its bantling die for at least a year to come.

LIMITS OF EXPLORATION.

THE time is rapidly coming when the work of the explorer will be fully completed, so far as this earth of ours is concerned. Not a century ago there were undiscovered islands and unexplored continents in abundance. Of Australia we knew nothing, except of the narrow fringe of coast on the east and south. Central Africa had never been penetrated by a European, and the sources of the Nile were still a secret. Vast tracts of North America awaited the coming of the white man, and our knowledge of the Polar regions was exceedingly limited.

At the present date the work of the explorer in nearly every field is wellnigh completed. The continent of Australia has been more than once crossed by exploring parties. North America has been not only thoroughly explored, but its western and northwestern wildernesses have become dotted with cities and towns. Africa has yielded the secret of the Nile, and when once the source of the Congo is definitely traced, the work of the explorer and the map, in that region, is at an end. The Northern Polar Ocean has been penetrated nearly to the pole, and the last of the undiscovered islands of the Pacific has doubtless been brought to our knowledge. What remains to be explored can easily be told, and but a few years will pass before the last vestige of unexplored territory will have been fully and thoroughly examined.

The most important region now remaining to tempt the explorer is undoubtedly that limited space of the African continent comprised between the equator and the fifth parallel of south latitude and lying west of Lake Tanganyaka. A German expedition is already on its way to visit this *terra incognita*, and to complete the labors of Livingstone, Baker and Schweinfurth. When this is done, the cycle of African exploration will be closed. Then will there remain only the Polar seas and continents, the examination of which cannot add materially to our geographical knowledge. These icy barriers may for some years to come resist the assaults of intrepid men like Kane and Hall and Hayes, but no one doubts that the time is coming when the flag of either England or America will be planted on the North Pole. The land that apparently surrounds the South Pole may delay exploration in that direction beyond the period when the North Pole will have been reached; but the recent discovery by the *Challenger* that the hot current of the Indian Ocean sweeps directly towards the South Pole may prove to be the discovery of the gateway by which a high South Polar latitude may be reached.

But there are other explorations to be made, which, although they may not be of great value to the geographer, may nevertheless yield rich results to the antiquarian and the student of natural history. There is the region of Central America and Yucatan, in which are hidden the ruined cities and other memorials of an extinct civilization. The neglect of these regions, especially by American explorers, is not at all creditable. Mr. Stephens, years ago, made a partial exploration of Yucatan; and others have done some excellent work in the cause of American exploration further south. There still remains, however, a large extent of country south of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and north of the Atrato which needs to be carefully explored, and it is quite possible that the discoveries which such an exploration might yield would give us a new insight into the origin and character of the Toltec and Aztec civilizations.

Then there is the interior of the large island

of New Guinea, which is yet completely unknown. This island is one of the largest in the world, and belongs to the same geological period as Australia. It is very possible that new species of animals, as strange as the duck-bill and the kangaroo, may still exist in New Guinea. We may even find in the recesses of its vast forests the dodo and the moa—those two gigantic birds which have become extinct elsewhere, during the present century. And, while speaking of extinct and curious animals, it should be remembered that there are naturalists who are inclined to believe in the reality of the unicorn—chiefly upon the evidence afforded by certain rock-paintings in South Africa, where the unicorn is represented in the figure of a horned animal of the general size and appearance of the zebra. Who can tell if in the heart of Africa, or New Guinea, we may not come upon traces of the unicorn, and so add another to the supposed myths of antiquity which later investigations have shown to be really true?

But when to the list of unexplored regions we add the interior of Madagascar, where the dinornis, a bird which has not been very long extinct, may still survive—we have pointed out all that there is left for the explorer to do. The work can all be done, and probably will be done, within the next ten or fifteen years; after which there is an end for ever put to that most doubtful of sensations, the hearing of new and strange stories of lands hitherto unknown.

The addition which the labors of explorers have given to our knowledge of the earth is, of course, of immense value. And yet we have paid for it a price which future generations may regard as somewhat dear. We have already rendered it impossible for any adventurous spirit to emulate the deeds of Cook and the early Pacific explorers, or of the men who discovered the source of the Nile and the mouth of the Niger. After a while there will be no longer a possibility of geographical exploration left to us. And unless we can take a hint from Jules Verne, and endeavor to penetrate to the centre of the earth by excavating some extinct crater choked up with ashes, we must be content to direct our explorations heavenward by aid of the telescope and the spectroscope.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THIS IS THE DIRT AGE. We have reached the feet of clay.

DETROIT FREE PRESS: "What did Dio Lewis die of?" Santa Crusade.

ABOLITIONIST ASHLEY, of Ohio, has gone into the Democratic Party.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS thinks that there is no sense in letting the minister kiss the bride.

THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL is a good newspaper; but it was far from sharp in that little matter of the commandment.

THE MINISTER should take his wife along when he makes calls on ladies. If he hasn't any wife, let him make it up in preaching.

TWO MILLION DOLLARS have been appropriated for continuing the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, of which the two piers are not finished.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN is likely to be the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Albany District. He will return from Europe in September.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON has been invited by the Czar of Russia to visit St. Petersburg, so that the Czar may return a compliment of the late Emperor of France. Von Moltke may well speak of Russia and France.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT has voted to Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, on motion of Mr. Disraeli, an annuity of \$75,000. Mr. Bradlaugh may now twang his harp to the old tune. Those who do not work shall not eat.

HEINRICH HEINE observed, a long time ago, that Victor Hugo had no sense of humor; and in his latest works—apart from the power to create comic character—he does not seem to have enough perception of the ridiculous to avoid it when it presents itself.

RACINE says: "Some crimes always precede great crimes. Whoever has been able to transgress the limits set by law may afterwards violate the most sacred rights. Crime, like virtue, has its degrees; and never have we known timid innocence to pass suddenly to extreme licentiousness."

THE PRINCE OF WALES has appeared in the role of an amateur fireman. At a recent fire in London he was one of the first to arrive on the ground, and "in the absence of Captain Shaw gave directions for suppressing the conflagration." Now, if he will turn to and earn a living for himself, he will oblige many people.

THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE appointed to investigate the political condition of Arkansas have left Little Rock with probably a very ill opinion of the contestants. Governor Baxter testified that the purpose of the Republican Party was "to let the boys make money"; and his principal opponent, Hodges, testified that Baxter wanted to make money himself. At the same time Senator Clayton seems not to have made any direct proposals to Governor Baxter, though the Governor says that the man Hodges made proposals in the Senator's name.

THE COLOGNE GAZETTE states that the German Admiralty is using great dispatch in completing the construction of vessels for the Imperial navy. In the next session of the Reichstag the demand of a credit for deepening and connecting the Elder Canal,

which measure has been decided on by the Admiralty, and the presentation of the complete and definite plan of construction of the great canal to connect the North Sea with the Baltic, may be expected. Thus only, the *Cologne Gazette* says, an assured basis would be afforded for the full and free development of the young German war navy.

HON. JOHN FORSYTH, of the *Mobile Register*, who has had his political disabilities removed, is a candidate for Congress from Alabama. He belongs to the white-man's party. Mr. Forsyth thus gives his opinion: "Let the talk about the impolicy of the 'white man's party' cease. There is no question of 'race issue' here. It is forced upon the white man. He is driven to the wall on it. A cornered rat will fight in self-defense. Is there a white man who reads these lines whose liver is so white that he will do less? Accept the gloves so insolently thrown down to you, and scatter, as you have the power to do, the hybrid party of black-and-tan, from which you have already borne too much."

The greatest robber or murderer is a smarter man than the best detective. It is Miss Linda Gilbert's wise theory that the man who can pick a combination lock has greater natural gifts than the man who invented that lock. Upon that theory she seeks to divert the burglar from the intelligence of crime to the intelligence of books. We all know that the murderer of Nathan baffled Jourdan so that the latter died in despair. The Ross child abductor is smarter than all Philadelphia, and is evidently not a Philadelphian. We venture the notion that the American States Prisons contain a greater number of excellent detectives than can be found upon the call-roll of all the police departments of the land. The detectives are mere dullards.

WE RECENTLY REFERRED to the suggestions of the *Virginia City (Nev.) Territorial Enterprise*, that it happened to know that General Grant had no purpose of having a third term. The *Enterprise* says that a number of Eastern journals attribute semi-official significance to the recent article in the *Enterprise*. This is based on the assumption that Senator Jones is in the confidence of the President, and that Mr. J. T. Goodman, "the editor of the *Enterprise*," is the confidential friend of Mr. Jones. In justice to all concerned, says that journal, we will remind our Eastern friends that Mr. Goodman concluded his connection with the *Enterprise* six months ago, and the present editor says he is not the recipient of President Grant's secrets, either directly or through any of his friends.

EDMUND ABOUT.—About is a fat, unwieldy man, with hardly any neck at all, and, at a distance, looking very much like the disgraced Bazaine—a resemblance which disappears, however, as soon as you get nearer to him, for Bazaine has twinkling, lustrous eyes, while this man's face is dotted by two very dim luminaries, which are almost closed as much by the heavy eyelids, even when he reads or looks at you, as were those of the late Louis Napoleon. The impression which he makes upon those who do not know him is that of an humble French *bourgeois*, which is heightened by the old-fashioned, loose, and badly-fitting clothes in which his heavy form is wrapped, and by the slowness of his speech and disagreeable, hoarse tone of his voice. And yet this is Edmund About, the eminent novelist and keen, incisive publicist, whose books have been translated into all civilized languages, and who, as a humorist, stands unrivaled in the present literature of France.

FREE TRADE gets its latest advocate in Thomas Brassey, an English writer on Labor, who says that the markets of the United States, almost monopolized in former times by British productions, are now principally supplied with American goods. "The tariff established since the war presents a formidable barrier to importations from England. If those duties were removed, the difference in the cost of labor would, doubtless, at the present time, secure for England her former position. But it must also be remembered that, assuming the cost of labor in the United States to be 25 per cent. in excess of the cost in this country, the addition to the value of the product does not exceed 5 or 6 per cent.; and if the duties imposed in the United States on all raw materials should be repealed, and if, as we may reasonably anticipate, the cost of living should be materially lessened, the cost of production, under those more favorable conditions, would be so much reduced that the present advantages of the British manufacturer would cease, and there would no longer be a sufficient margin to cover the cost of exportation from this country to America."

VERY FEW American families, says the *Saturday Review*, retain for any length of time a high political position. If we were to seek the representatives of those who bore a chief part in the Revolution, we might find them, no doubt, despite the breaking up of estates and the consequent rapid dissipation even of the largest fortunes, among the social aristocracy of the older States; but, except in the South, the very fact of their hereditary reputation tends to bar rather than to smooth their way to a public career. Of the great names belonging to the first generation of Federal statesmen and soldiers in the Northern States, there is but one that has been constantly represented in the public life of America, or whose bearers are at this moment known beyond their own country, or known there as public men. Randolph or Randall is still an honored name in Virginia, and the family of Washington, as well as that of one of his most distinguished lieutenants, was represented in the second struggle for independence by the foremost of the Virginian gentry and the greatest of Confederate soldiers; while not a few of the best names in Georgia and the Carolinas figure equally in both the great wars in which their States have been engaged. But in New England the one family which has held a distinguished place in public life through three generations is that of Adams, represented in former times by two of the most eminent, if not most popular, Presidents, and in our own by the foremost of American diplomats, and more than one of the most respected citizens of Massachusetts.

HENRY WATTERSON seems to have a singular opinion of the journalism of the Pacific Coast when he writes that "the journalists of San Francisco are grown exceedingly brickey, bumptious, cute and original. Half the newspaper sensations of the day now come from California. Mr. Bret Harte's poetic fancies are left far behind by the editorial realism of the new Pacific school, which, having got rid of Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain, affects a more rational style, and startles us by the tragic, commonplace character of its mystics. The diamond speculation; the bloody-minded mustang that, reared on his hind-legs, fired a six-shooter with unerring accuracy; the girl with two eyes in front of her head, and one big blue eye directly behind; the tree that spouts blood; the talking frog; these things are truly matter-of-fact and business-like, having a bold advertising air about them, which would move poor Helmhold to tears if he were not already a perennial lacrymose fountain."

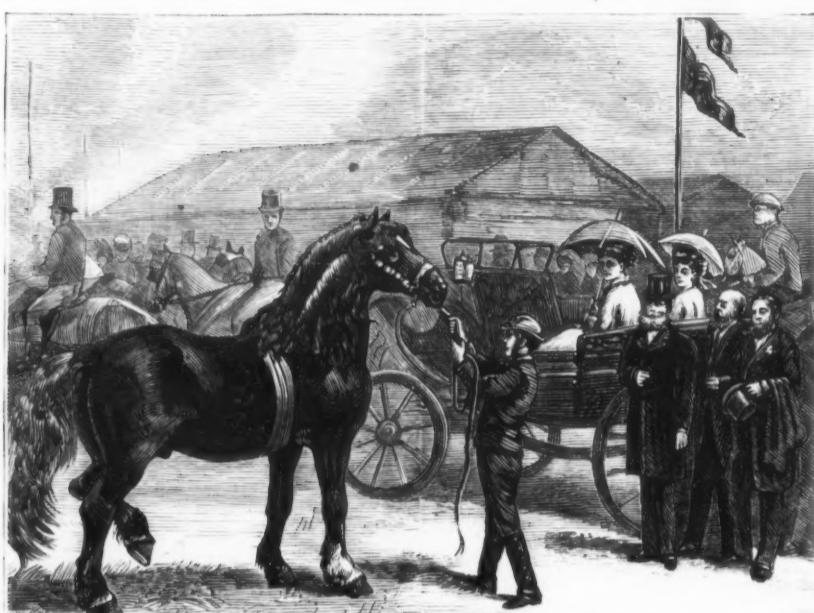
ALLEN G. THURMAN, Senator in Congress from Ohio, has for many months been accepted as a prominent Democratic candidate for President; was sixty, November 13th, 1873; was born in Virginia; well educated; a good lawyer; moved to Ohio in 1819; represented the Chillicothe District of that State in the Twenty-ninth Congress; Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1851, and Chief-Justice of the same Court from 1854 to 1856; Democratic candidate for Governor in 1867, and beaten; elected to the United States Senate in 1869, in place of Benjamin F. Wade, and re-elected in 1874—his term consequently expiring March 3d, 1881. He is the nephew of the celebrated Wm. Allen, for many years Senator from Ohio, and now Governor of that State. He is the father-in-law of Hon. Richard C. McCormick, Delegate in Congress from Arizona, and is altogether a safe and reputable man; but his late declarations in favor of hard money have injured his prospects for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

IN MASSACHUSETTS there is a State Board of Health, which has been paying attention to the sanitary conditions of farmers. Its fourth annual report is published, and an article on the above subject, based upon the reports of country physicians, appears. This testimony, including evidence collected the past twenty-eight years, shows that the average life of the Massachusetts farmer is sixty-five and a quarter years—a greater longevity than that of any other class. Yet it is claimed that farmers might live much longer if they were better and more carefully fed, lived upon more nutritious and wholesome diet, ate with greater deliberation, and were careful not to engage in active exercise too soon after eating. They should eat more fruit and vegetables, less of pork, pies, cakes, salaratus, biscuit, take pains to protect themselves better from sudden changes of temperature, deodorize cesspools, sinks, out-houses, and keep clean back yards; change clothing, and bathe more frequently. Such statistics and suggestions are valuable, and deserve the attention of farmers.

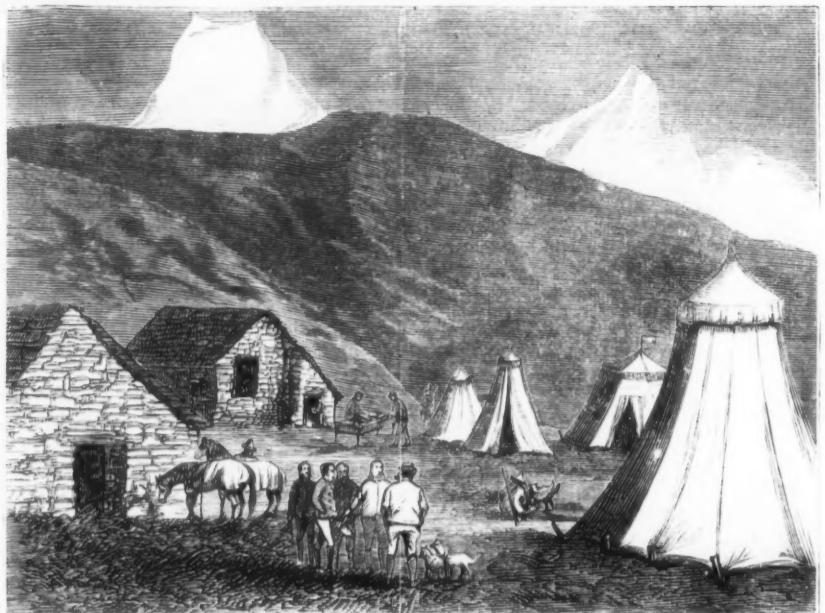
OF CONGRESSMAN COX, Mary Clemmer Ames has written in the *Independent*: "The affectionate little gentleman who has just taken his arms from around Mr. Dawes's neck is Samuel Sullivan Cox, formerly of Ohio, now of New York City. 'Sunset Cox,' 'Sunbeam Cox,' 'Dewdrop Cox,' are the *sobriquets* bestowed upon him by his approving and admiring brethren. He is a little, swinging, prancing man, with black hair, and a white spot in the centre of his head about the size of a dollar. He has dark skin, black eyes and a musical voice. When he makes a speech he often turns down his collar slightly, turns up his sleeves, swings a pocket-handkerchief in his hand, leaves his seat, comes down in the front aisle, where half of Congress gathers about him to laugh and have a good time. His speech on the expense of a moth to the Government, last Winter, was the wittiest of the session. He is as amiable as he is bright, and though a Democrat of the Democrats, he is the one force of the minority who never loses his temper or makes himself disagreeable, no matter how exasperating may be his fantastic speech. He is, moreover, a man of more than ordinary culture. Liberally educated, he is a lawyer, has been an editor, and is the author of several books of observations and travel, as witty, genial, and sunny as himself."

THE DEMOCRATS OF NEW YORK are beginning the Autumn campaign. It seems likely that either Judge Sanford E. Church or Judge Allen will be nominated for Governor. Judge Church has been talked of for many years, and no doubt the Democratic Party would be stronger with him than without him. There is a rumor published by the *Herald*, which Mr. Levien has special opportunities for information, that Peter B. Sweeny will assume command of the Democratic forces. On its face such a rumor would seem to be premature. Mr. Sweeny is a man of so discreet and reticent a character that we don't whether ever Mr. Levien would be aware of anything but somebody's guess that Mr. Sweeny is coming back. It may be, however, that the Reform humbug has reached that state of weakness when it may be defeated, and that men of political strength contemplate a move towards control of the machinery of the State. Some talk is had about Senator Fenton becoming the Republican candidate for Governor, on account of his alliance with General Grant. But the alliance is only a rumor started anew by a newspaper reporter at Long Branch, but having some appearance of truth from the fact that there was a rumor of the same kind at the time of the death of Mr. Sumner, who was in communication with Grant, and who nominated Caleb Cushing as the condition of an alliance. General Dix is opposed by many Republicans, and is talked of for United States Senator, an office which has long been in demand by ex-Governor Morgan. It appears to us that, notwithstanding the presence of Thurlow Weed in the Republican councils, the Democrats have a fair chance for winning the Autumn election, provided they are well managed. We can easily see how this result could be obtained through the skill of Mr. Sweeny, but we are not credulous enough to believe any rumor about his taking charge of the campaign chart. So far, the Republicans seem to have the whip-hand.

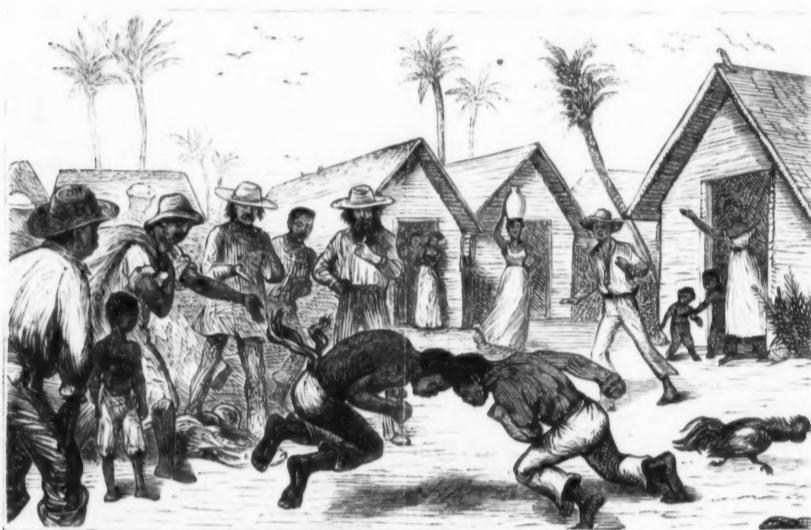
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 375.



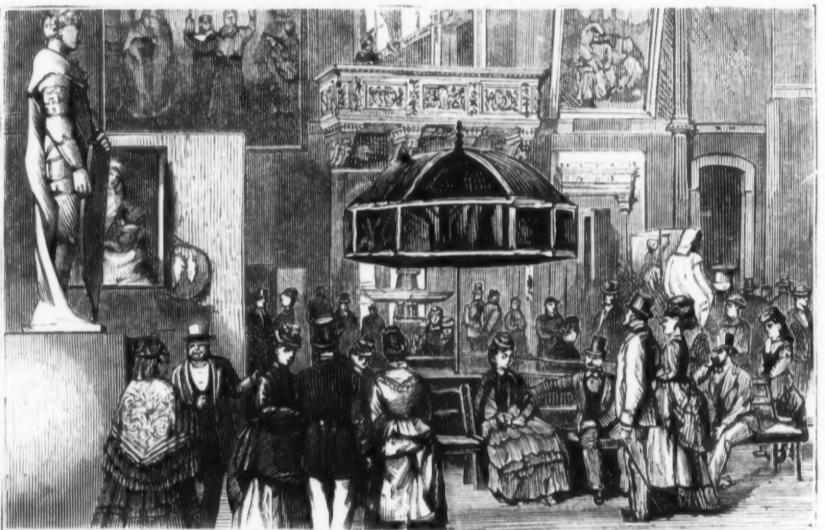
ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT BEDFORD—HORSE-PARADE BEFORE THE CROWN-PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY.



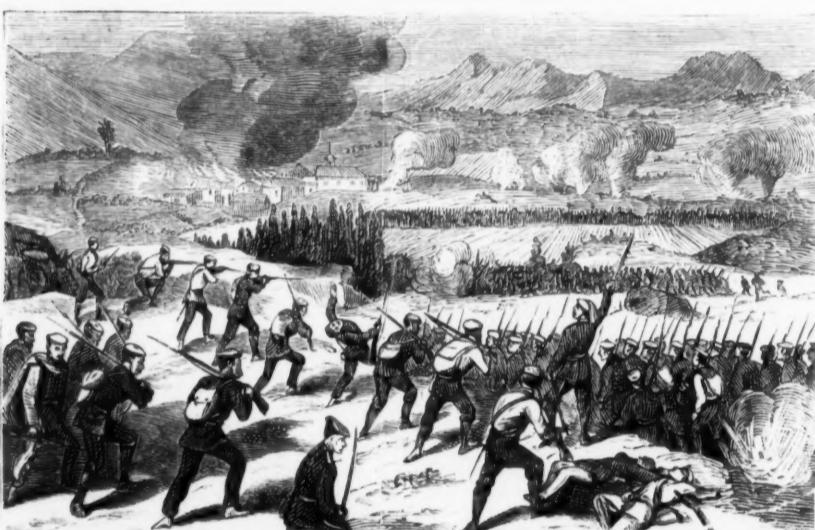
ITALY.—KING VICTOR EMANUEL'S SUMMER ENCAMPMENT AT MONCARNE.



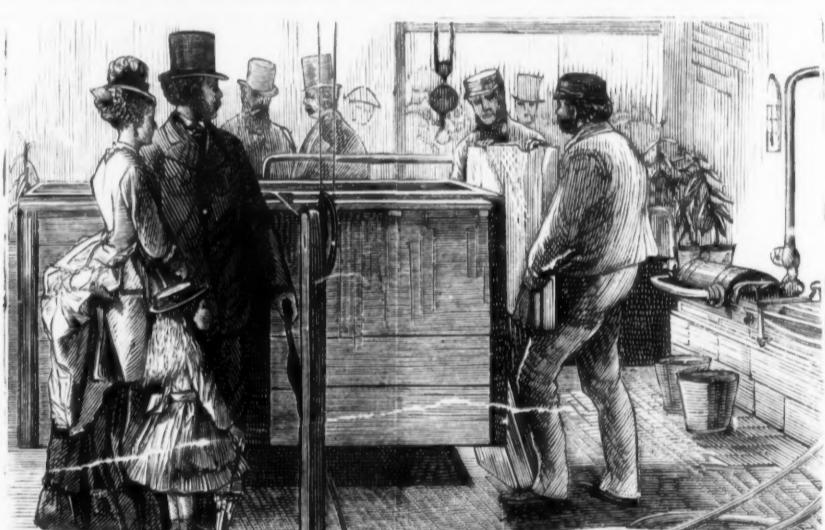
SOUTH AMERICA.—VENEZUELA—A NEGRO FIGHT.



ENGLAND.—KING COFFEE CALCALLIS'S UMBRELLA ON EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.



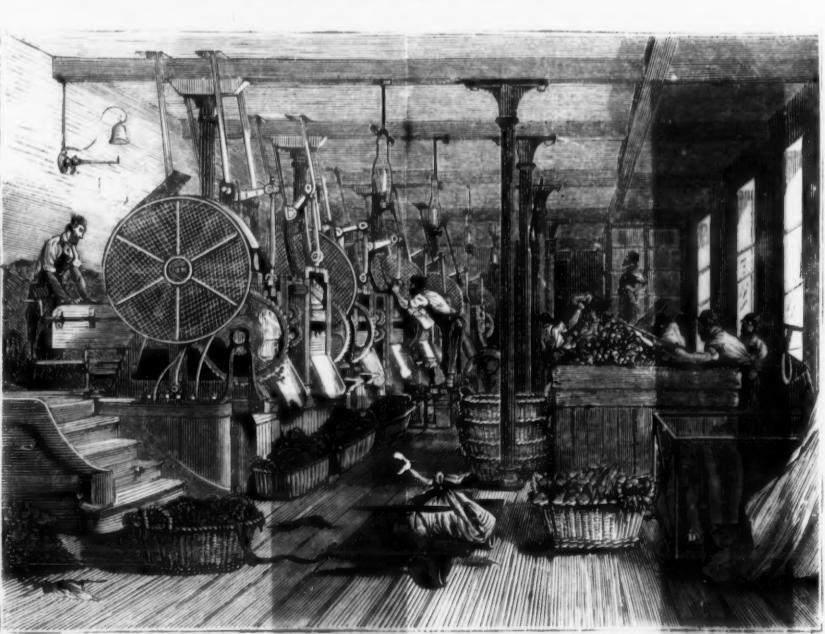
SPAIN.—THE CIVIL WAR.—THE BATTLE BEFORE ESTELLA—CARLISTS ATTACKING REPUBLICANS AT ZABAL.



ENGLAND.—MAKING ICE BY MACHINERY.



PARIS.—THE INTERIOR OF AN OMNIBUS.



PARIS.—MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO—CUTTING THE LEAF.



"SPIRITUAL MATERIALIZATIONS."—THE SPIRIT-BODY—ANNIE MORGAN, SAID TO HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR TWO CENTURIES, REVEALING HERSELF UNDER THE NAME OF "KATIE KING," AND THROUGH SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUMS, TO PERSONS IN PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY W. P. SNYER.—SEE PAGE 374.



NEW YORK.—EXCURSION TO LONG ISLAND SOUND OF THE ST. JOHN'S GUILD FLOATING HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN AND THEIR MOTHERS, AUGUST 5TH.—SEE PAGE 380.

MARGUERITE.

RAYED flower, my fluttering heart's fate tell :
He loves me now; he loves me well!
A leaf I pluck from out your round—
O started look of quick delight
That flashed into his eyes, that night
When mine his wandering glance first found!
As sweet a tale, O last leaf tell—
He loves me well!

Another—be the fear forgot
That now I pluck—he loves me not!
Not?—loves me not? and need I dread
Ah! as I brushed behind her chair,
His drawn to hers, they whispered there,
So low, I caught not what he said—
Nor she; would that could be forgot!
He loves me not!

Next picked, of sweetest hopes to tell,
Your sweetness says, he loves me well;
Yes, loves me well; why should I fear?
I knew, I felt him at my side,
My pardon, not to be denied—
Not he—as the next dance drew near;
Oh, last plucked leaf, come quick to tell,
He loves me well!

Hope—fear—each straight in each forgot,
Thrice-evil leaf, he loves me not?
Alas! alas! and is it true?
And did I see his laughing eye—
I on his arm—to hers reply,
As his to mine alone should do?
Come, last drawn leaf, to tell me—what?
He loves me not?

White with my fear that petal fell—
O red last leaf, he loves me well!
Here let me pluck all sweetest thought;
I knew his hand pressed mine—I heard
The tremble in his latest word;
What could be shown but what I sought?
Last leaf, I knew your fall must tell,
He loves me well!

THE FLEMING GIRLS.
A FASHIONABLE FARCE.

BY BEN BENT.
(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Caggie Fleming had finished her shopping at "Stewart's," the carriages had been permitted to come round into Broadway again, and the door-tender had no difficulty in finding a coachman who answered his call for "Miss Fleming's coupé."

Caggie stepped in, giving instructions to be repeated to her driver, and after settling her skirts comfortably, she drew from the little satin-lined pocket, and hastily read, the following note :

"MY DEAREST CATHARINE—Do not think it strange that I have not dared to trust my lips to utter the love that fills my heart. Alas! I feel that in your presence the fervor of my affection would make havoc with my grammar and breed a riot in my rhetoric. But, believe me when I say that I love you, deeply, truly love you, and (representing two pages of affectionate ante-nuptial protestations). Seal then my fate with your reply, dearest Catharine, and with a word, render me the happiest of mortals or the most miserable of men. Ever your admirer,

"FRITZGREGORY VANDERWINTER."

No young lady is ever seriously displeased with a sincere offer of marriage, and as Caggie Fleming was quite alone, she smiled and blushed and cooed and murmured to herself in the prettiest manner possible for a few moments, before seriously considering what answer she should return to her suitor.

"It's very strange," thought she, "that Fritz should propose to me. He has always been much more attentive to Cassie; but then, of course, though Cassie's very nice, she's not exactly the sort of girl—Humph! no, perhaps it's not so strange, after all; but, then, I can't accept Fritz—of course not. He's rich and handsome and all that, but—there's Gus Livingstone; what would he do? He loves me and I love him—yes, I'm sure I love Gus *awfully*! And then it is so nice to have papa object to the match because Gus is poor—it's so much more romantic like Claude Lorraine in the 'Lady of the Lake'—only Gus doesn't even pretend to have a beautiful castle on the banks of Erie. Oh! I shall refuse Fritz, and I'll go and do it right away, too. How nice it is to have offers of marriage, though, even if one does have to decline some of them! Won't I make Gus jealous the next time I see him!"

Caggie, in her haste to respond to her matrimonial proposal, had herself driven to the house of an intimate friend, to whom she confided her secret, and whose inexpressible astonishment she excited by her demand for pen, ink and paper, with which to refuse the offer.

"What! refuse Fritz Vanderwinter! Why, you wicked, ungrateful girl; he's worth a quarter of a million, and it is simply flying in the face of special providence not to marry him. Ah, Caggie Fleming, you'll regret it all your life if you make a fool of yourself this way—I know what I should do in your place."

"Ah, Bertha," replied Caggie, "I recognize Fritz Vanderwinter's many virtues, and respect profoundly his bank account, but—I am already in love, and the pure and holy sentiment of affection enables me to resist all sordid motives, and frees my heart from the trammels of trade and traffic."

Having delivered this sentiment with a melodramatic air, Caggie trilled the old couplet:

"Love, love, love, it's just like a dizziness—
Twent let a young girl go about her bizziness;"

and, seating herself at her friend's writing-table, she rapidly penned a note, sharply reprimanding Fritz for the liberty he had taken, and in vigorous terms declining his offer. This she dispatched at once by a messenger-boy.

By this time luncheon was served, and, as the other members of Bertha's family were out, the two young ladies seated themselves *tete-a-tete*, and grew confidential over their oolong, after the manner of feminine tapers.

"What is the reason, Caggie," said Bertha, tilting the tea-urn for a second cup, "that you never before told me you were in love with a man? Who is he, and what is he like?"

"His name is Gus Livingstone," replied Caggie, "and he is just the most splendid and noble and generous fellow in the world. And, oh, he's so good of me, but—"

"But what?"

"Bertha," cried Caggie, in a solemn whisper, "he's *already* poor—has to write for a living—so papa *as-forbid* my having anything to do with him; but as I can't possibly give *you* up, we have to meet clandestinely in photographic galleries, milli-

ners' shops and such places. It's very romantic, Bertha, but it's awfully inconvenient, and then we may have to wait ages before we can be—"

"You poor, dear, persecuted lamb!" exclaimed Bertha, sympathetically.

"And then, too," continued Caggie, "this is not the worst of it, for the coachman—John Simmons—who drives my *coupé*, of course knows about these secret meetings, and has somehow discovered papa's aversion to Gus. Well, then he makes use of to exact all sorts of things from us. Gus has to keep him in the best of cigars, and that is not all, Bertha, by any means. He hired himself to papa for a single man, but he isn't. He's been married, and though his wife is dead, he's got a baby. So he makes us—Gus and me—provide for the brat. So think of it, Bertha. Gus found an old nurse, and we together pay for keeping the child, and we live in constant fear that the whole matter will be discovered, and—"

Caggie fairly broke down and sobbed violently, till she choked herself with a swallow of hot tea.

Bertha offered such consolation as she could, and the two finally agreed to drive down to Madame de l'Ampereau's *maison* on Fourteenth Street, in order to distract their sad hearts with *Modes de Paris*, and with the interior design of perhaps meeting Gus Livingstone.

CHAPTER IV.

CASSIE FLEMING and her friend Belle were about getting into the *coupé* which stood at the door, when the former observed that the coachman who, the day having turned out bright and much warmer, had thrown off some of his wraps, did not look quite familiar to her. For a moment she was puzzled. Then she told him to drive to the card-engraver's, adding, "The same place, you know, where you stopped this morning."

"Beg pardon, miss, but I didn't stop at no such place this mornin'. Drive you anywhere you wants, so as I know where it is, miss, but—"

"What do you mean, you stupid? You did not stop at the card-engraver's this morning? Nonsense!"

"No, miss, I didn't; and what's more, miss, I didn't drive you down this morning. It was your cousin I drove down."

"And then this is my cousin's *coupé*, and you let me get into it and never told me what a mistake I was making!" exclaimed Cassie.

"Beg your pardon, miss, but I was mindin' the horse mostly, and, meanin' no offense, one lady is much like another when they gets on their fixins, and—"

Cutting short the coachman's speech, Cassie told him the card-engraver's number, and, stepping into the *coupé*, told her discovery to Belle, who was already inside the vehicle.

"Now," said Belle, triumphantly, "you see how nearly I guessed the truth about that note; and, oh, I am so sorry for your cousin, Cassie."

"Perfectly horrible, isn't it?" cried Cassie. "My worst fears are realized, and there will be a terrible scandal, and everybody will cut us both; and I shall never get a chance to wear my new blue-silk party dress. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm so sorry for poor, dear cousin Caggie; and then, too, Fritz Vanderwinter will never, never propose to me when he hears how a member of our family has brought disgrace upon it. Oh, dear! oh, dear! isn't it dreadful, Belle?"

Belle soothed her companion as best she could, and presently they arrived at the card-engraver's, where, however, their search for the lost envelope was quite in vain. The keeper of the shop remembered having seen a bit of paper answering Cassie's description, but it had been swept out with the rubbish.

Naturally enough, in the circumstances, Cassie dreaded meeting her cousin, and yet it was manifestly necessary that they should re-exchange *coupés*. While Cassie was revolving in her own mind how best to accomplish this without a full explanation of the affair of the letter, they passed through Fourteenth Street, and she caught sight of her own *coupé* standing in front of Madame de l'Ampereau's shop.

"Oh, what a lucky chance, Belle!" exclaimed Cassie. "There's my trap over there, and all I've to do is to slip quietly into it and drive away, leaving this one in its place for Caggie, who will never know the difference in the world, if she has not already discovered it."

Cassie gave the necessary instructions for carrying out this plan, and, in her haste to perfect it, had already stepped into her own *coupé*, and was in the act of sealing herself so as to make room for Belle, when she was startled by a scream—the frightened cry of an infant, upon which she had just escaped sitting down.

Her first impulse was to pitch the little stranger into the street. This, of course, was momentary, and the next instant she picked it up with a woman's instinctive tenderness. Stepping out, with the child still in her arms, she began in a helpless sort of way to ask first Belle, and then her coachman, what on earth it could all mean!

Belle, if the truth must be told, was too convulsed with laughter at the ludicrousness of her friend's situation to form any conjecture, and the coachman only sat bolt upright, grinning, and said "he didn't know nothin' bout it, 'cept that a nuss-woman had come long and axed if as how this was Miss Fleming's carriage, when she'd just cracked the little 'un in, sayin' as how my mistress 'ad understand all 'bout it, an' tell me where to drive it to."

Meantime Belle had somewhat recovered herself, and her ready wit jumped straight at a conclusion.

"Don't you see, Cassie?" said she. "This is, of course, your cousin Caggie's child—the one referred to in the letter. Caggie came here in this *coupé*, and Gus, whoever he is, has had the baby put in, according to the previous arrangement referred to in the note."

"Why, certainly!" cried Cassie. "How stupid of me not to have seen through the whole thing at a glance! But, of course, the most delicate thing I can do in the circumstances is just to put the infant in Caggie's own *coupé* and drive away in mine."

Turning, however, with the intention of carrying out this design, Cassie found herself confronted by her cousin Caggie, who chanced at this moment to come out of the milliner's shop in company with her friend Bertha.

For an instant the cousins stood facing each other in silence, Cassie not knowing what to say, and Caggie entirely at a loss what to think.

The latter was the first to speak, and with an expression of utter bewilderment upon her she exclaimed: "Goodness, gracious! Cassie Fleming, whose baby is that, and what on earth are you doing with an infant in your *coupé*?"

"Oh, Caggie," replied Cassie in a half-whisper, "don't say a word—I know all. Do not fear, though; sad as the thought of your misfortune makes me, I am prepared to continue to love and sympathize with you; but, oh, Caggie, how could you? How could you?"

"Misfortune! Sympathy! Continue to love me!" cried Caggie. "Well, upon my word, I like that! I should certainly *hate* it, if anybody required

sympathy and forbearance, it was you, Cassie. A single girl traipsing about the city with a child in her arms! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Oh, don't you give that thing to me? I won't have it! I won't have it!" she added, excitedly, as Cassie advanced, holding out the poor little infant which had so unwittingly become a *vassal bell*.

The scene thus far had proved too much for the gravity of Belle and Bertha, both of whom were nearly suffocated with laughter, complicated with ear-splitting handkerchiefs and fits of coughing.

"Why, Caggie!" exclaimed Cassie, "you know well enough I have nothing to do with this child—I found it in this *coupé*, and came near sitting down on it—of course you must know about it!"

"I'm sure I don't see why I should!" replied Caggie. "That's *your coupé*, not mine, isn't it? I fail to see how I should be expected to know anything about the brats you see fit to cart about the city in your trap."

This retort rather took Cassie's breath away, for she was obliged to admit that the *coupé* was her own, and she began to see that she could not explain matters satisfactorily without a full admission of having received and read her cousin's letter. Just as she was about to take this course, however, she was interrupted by the arrival of Gus Livingstone in an almost breathless condition. He had from a distance been keeping watch to see that his plan of conveying his unwelcome charge to its destination was successful, and seeing that some difficulty had arisen, he had hastened to the spot thinking he might be of service to his *fiancée*.

"Why, Miss Caggie," said the newcomer, catching his breath between words, "why—what is—it—all this—row about when—I wrote you—regarding it—and when I—was going to do it, and—I'm surprised you waited so long before you drove away—and—"

Now this proved too much for Caggie, and, finding that even her lover had only blame and reproaches for her, she burst into tears and only sobbed out, "Oh, Gus (sob), I never got (sob) any letter (sob), and I don't know what you mean (gulp). I'm sure I don't."

Meanwhile Belle and Bertha, who had been standing a little apart, saw that matters with their respective friends were growing serious. They stopped laughing, and Bertha remarked in a sympathizing tone that she thought it was very hard on poor Caggie Fleming to be treated so by her cousin and friends.

"We'll," replied Belle, sharply, "for my part I think Cassie Fleming has been shockingly used and meanly treated in this whole matter."

"Oh, do you indeed?" rejoined Bertha. "Well, perhaps you'll be so good as to explain why Cassie should want to palm off her ugly infant on her cousin, and why Caggie's lover and betrothed should find fault with her in that brutal manner!"

"And perhaps you'll be kind enough to explain," retorted Belle, growing red and angry, "what right Caggie Fleming has to borrow her cousin Cassie's *coupé* without leave or license, and then have it filled with stray babies that nobody owns—there now!"

Belle was just bristling up and gathering her wits for an annihilating reply, when a fresh arrival put an end to their war of words, and again attracted their attention to the party, about the door of the *coupé*.

It was Mr. Fritzgregory Vanderwinter, who now appeared upon the scene. He looked pale and haggard, and his dress, though of the most elegant description, betrayed thoughtlessness and negligence. Ignoring the others, and marching directly up to Cassie, he addressed her in terms of bitter reproach and irony.

"I trust, Miss Cassie Fleming," said he, "that you feel quite satisfied with your success in humiliating one who loved you so sincerely, as he now despises your duplicity. This, then, is the miserable farce you have been playing, leading me on till I have made a fool of myself by proposing to and been refused by one whom I presume, from present appearance, I ought to address as Mrs.—Ah! pray present me to *M. le Maire*," added he, turning to Gus.

This was rather trying for Gus, but he managed to mutter something about "not having the honor," and "hoping he didn't intrude."

Cassie burst into tears, and threw herself upon her cousin Caggie's neck, crying, "Oh, Fritz, this is cruel, cruel, and false, for you never proposed to me, you know you never did, and I never refused you, and—and—never would."

In thus seeking support on the shoulder of the still weeping Caggie Fleming, Cassie had contrived to twist the poor little bud of an infant into a most uncomfortable posture, a liberty which that miniature Jeju resented in a series of appalling howls and howling fits of most excellent calibre.

This so touched the paternal heart of John Simmons, Caggie's coachman, that, springing from the box of his *coupé*, he rushed to the spot, and, forgetful alike of the proprieties and the danger he ran of discovering his secret, rudely snatched the bawling babe from Cassie's careless arms, exclaiming: "I've nothin' but a coachman, miss, an' I hope I know my place, but I'll be darned if anybody shall maud and mishand my young 'un in that there way, not if I loses twenty sitwittions for speakin' out my mind."

A light at that moment dawned upon the minds of several of those present, and when Mr. Fritz Vanderwinter a few moments later proposed that they should all luncheon at Delmonico's, there was no dissenting voice. The thorough explanations and interchanges of personal experiences which there took place resulted in the immediate restoration of good feeling, and eventually in arrangements for two simultaneous weddings, which will finally dispose of "the Fleming Girls" for a generation at least.

"KATIE KING," THE SPIRIT.

UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA.

NOT being given to the sensational or to the worship of strange gods, we have hitherto avoided making any special allusion in our columns to the miraculous stories and singular theories that have, of late years, been rife, in this country and in Europe, regarding the alleged daily intercourse between us mortals and the inhabitants of the other world. But, as the subject has recently attracted the attention of noted scientists and men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic, and as some of these gentlemen have made most remarkable disclosures in connection with it, out of deference to their opinions, and in the interest of the public and the press, we have obtained some trustworthy facts in the premises which we lay before the reader, without attempting to advance any theory as to their possible origin.

Although a belief in "Modern Spiritualism," as this "new departure" is termed, has existed among no contemptible number in both hemispheres for now upwards of twenty years, and notwithstanding that such able men as the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, the late Judge Edmonds and Professor Hare, etc., had set their seals to it in a manner the most emphatic, within a few months only has it assumed a serious and threatening aspect; inasmuch as it appears to have thrown down the gauntlet to the scientific world and challenged investigation as to the objective character of its phenomena. The lists were entered in England, by Mr. William Crookes, editor of the *London Quarterly Journal of Science*, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a chemist of high standing; Mr. C. F. Varley, an able electrician, and an F.R.S. a.s.o., and by Mr. Alfred Wallace, who shares with Darwin the honor of promulgating the theory of "Natural Selection." The investigations of these gentlemen were carried on principally at the residence of Mr. Crookes and that of a Mr. and Mrs. Cook, through the mediumship of whose daughter, Miss Florence Cook, the manifestations, as they are termed, took place. Judging from the published statements of Messrs. Crookes and Wallace, as well as from the evidence of Mr. Varley and that of several members of the legal and medical professions, such precautionary measures were adopted and scientific tests applied as precluded the possibility

of entering it or escaping from it save by the door or the pentagonal openings. The light being now lowered a little, but not so as to render surrounding objects invisible in any degree, we were one and all requested to join in singing, for the purpose, it was said, of "harmonizing the influences." Preferring to keep our eye upon the small openings, and the cabinet door that, after our inspection, had been closed and latched, we declined to give any specimen of our vocal powers, although those about us began to sing, and most tunefully, some melody that was unknown to us. In the course of a few moments, we thought that we perceived the curtain that hung before the lower pentagonal aperture move; and scarcely had the idea taken possession of us when the white and shapely arm of a woman was thrust through the opening, and the latch that fastened the door lifted, by apparently soft, taper fingers, out of the staple. The arm was now withdrawn, and almost instantly afterwards a sweet, young face appeared at the same aperture, with a soft, low "good-evening," which we must confess rather astonished us. The salutation being eagerly returned by all present, one of the mediums, neither of whom moved from our sides during the *séance*, asked the mysterious visitant whether she thought she should be able to leave the cabinet during the *séance*, when she replied, "I will try." This phase of the phenomena was what we most desired to witness. Nor were we kept long in suspense: for, in a very few minutes, the cabinet door opened slowly, and out stepped, in full view of us all, just as she is represented in our illustration, the so-called spirit of the now famous Katie King! Although set down as a denizen of the other world, she seemed to us to be as objective a reality as ever trod this earth! She walked among us, permitted us to touch her hands, and her white robe; and spoke to us, in good, round, modern English, which we considered somewhat extraordinary, seeing that she lived upwards of two hundred years ago, when the quaintness of Spenser overshadowed her native tongue. This and some kindred circumstances, which had previously come to our knowledge, we did not pause to analyze at the moment, for we felt that she was very mysterious being, at least, and we were engaged in scrutinizing her person with all the coolness and vigor at our command. She was exceedingly handsome, and appeared to us to be about nineteen years of age, and of medium height. She wore a white robe of some singular fabric, and a light drab veil wound gracefully about her head. The folds of her dress concealed her feet, but her arms were bare, and, like her figure, exquisitely molded. Her complexion was absolutely transparent, and her hair, instead of being dark as generally represented, was, in our opinion auburn, with a golden tinge. She wore no ornaments, and after remaining with us for four or five minutes, and making a few very commonplace observations, she re-entered the cabinet without closing the door. Here she stood facing us for a few seconds, when Mrs. Holmes asked her whether she could disappear before the visitors as she had done on previous occasions. To this interrogatory she made the same reply as she had to the other; and, surprising to relate, gradually faded away into thin air before us, until not a vestige of her was to be seen. Nor was this all, for a few moments subsequently, and outside the cabinet, within three or four feet of us, she began slowly to form again, until she stood before us in all her perfection once more. After this, she bade us a kind "good-night," and, re-entering the cabinet, she disappeared before the door was closed; and the *séance* was at an end.

We were in that cabinet without much delay, you may rest assured; but Katie was gone! Not a trace of her was to be found in any direction. During the *séance* both windows were open, but, as may be seen in our illustration, they are on the wrong side of the room to have afforded her a means of escape. The mediums informed us that her father, who was executed for piracy in the days of Charles II., frequently appeared at the upper aperture, and that occasionally a beautiful little Indian girl varied the phenomena. We saw neither of these latter, however, and it was, perhaps, just as well, Katie having given us quite enough to manage for one night at least; and the more so, as she has permitted herself to be photographed in Philadelphia through nearly all the stages of her materialization—from the veriest shadow to the perfect likeness which we to-day present to our readers, and for the accuracy of which we can vouch fully.

THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE.

OUR review last week of the Beecher-Tilton case closed with a synopsis of Mr. Tilton's cross-examination testimony before the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee.

Since then Mr. Moulton has returned from his fishing excursion with General Butler, and Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton have requested him to furnish the Committee with all the evidence touching the case in his possession. On the first page we illustrate Mr. Tilton "reading his statement."

Mrs. Tilton's cross-examination testimony has been published. It reiterates all that she said before of her husband's brutality, and she denies that any improper advances were made by Mr. Beecher. In regard to the bed-room scene, she says that Mr. Tilton had been sitting with herself and Mr. Beecher in that room on the morning specified: that Mr. Tilton stepped out for a few minutes—not over five—and when he came back he went to the other door, which was usually locked. She had been in the habit of making memoranda of all conversations held with Mr. Beecher, as her husband afterwards required her to repeat it to him. She denied his criminal charges against her and Mr. Beecher, and she said that her previous statements to the contrary were first written by Mr. Tilton and copied by her, under his direction. In addition to the picture of Mr. Moulton, we give, on page 376, a sketch of Mr. Beecher at Peekskill, with a group of rustics staring at him while he is reading.

THE VENETIAN TOWER AT ATHENS.

DR. SCHLEIMANN writes to the London Academy that he solicited and obtained from the Greek Government permission to demolish at his own expense the great square tower in the Acropolis, known as the Venetian Tower, which seems to have been built in the fourteenth century. It occupies 1,600 square feet of the Popylaea, and consists of large square slabs of marble or common stone from various ancient monuments of the Acropolis and the theatre of Herodes Atticus; it measures eighty feet in height, and its walls are five feet thick.

By the demolition of this tower, which cost him £165, Dr. Schliemann renders a great service to science, for he brings to light the most interesting parts of the Popylaea, and is certain to find a vast number of interesting inscriptions, of which he has for three years the right of publication. The work began July 2d, to the great delight of the Athenians, but to the grief of the thousands of owls

by which the tower is inhabited. "But it is impossible," says Dr. Schliemann, "to please every one in the world."

CALIFORNIA—SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

THIS valley, which we might more correctly term a river-threaded plain, is over a hundred miles in length, and in breadth measures, at most points, between thirty and forty miles. Throughout this vast extent its soil, a deep alluvial deposit, forms some of the finest, if not the finest, grain-growing land in the world. Separated from the Pacific Coast by the "Coast Range," the valley has a climate very different from that of the seaboard, its winters are cool, its summers dry and hot.

Rain seldom or never falls in it between the months of May and November, and consequently the wheat which is sown on its broad acres, after taking deep and firm root in the rich soil, grows up so strong, and becomes so dry as it ripens, that it can be cut, threshed and sacked on the same day, even in the same hour; and, once in the sack, it can be sent down to San Francisco and shipped to Liverpool, to pass twice through the tropics, without the slightest risk of its turning moldy on the voyage. The yield per acre, too, in this and other Californian valleys, is very large. Though the average yield of Californian wheat-fields is said to be not more than twenty-five bushels to the acre, authentic instances are given of as many as eighty bushels to the acre being produced, and numbers even higher than this are constantly stated on good authority.

An elderly friend in San Francisco assures us that he has seen in the Tulare Valley (a valley running into this of the San Joaquin far to the southwards) maize growing to the height of fifteen feet, many of the stalks supporting as many as eight heads of grain, and growing to such a thickness as to require cutting down with a hatchet. The rich alluvial soil of these valleys has never yet been manured, though there are parts of them where wheat has been grown for a dozen years in succession. Some of the corn-fields are of enormous size.

Fifty acres seem an ordinary number for a single field, and from this they run up to 300, and even 500 acres. The majority of the farms, however, do not extend to more than 300 acres, the farmers being chiefly men with small capital from the States east of the Rocky Mountains. Here and there is a farm held by a man of greater means, extending perhaps to 5,000 acres. In other parts of the State the divisions are larger still, and farms are spoken of, of growing nothing but grain, as spreading over as many as 50,000 acres.

Horses here are cheap and numerous, and consequently take the place of steam in working the plowing, reaping, and threshing-machines: manual labor is of course dear, harvest wages amounting in many parts to \$3 a day, and this is consequently the heaviest item of the farmer's outlay.

The season is already too late for us to see much harvesting going on: most of the corn-fields present a bare expanse of dry ground; nor are there any rye or clover crops to give variety to the surface. All is hot and dry and bare. The sun beats down upon the plain with a fierce glare that reminds one of India: the heated air rises up from the ground, and with its myriad shimmerings causes often a treacherous mirage of water: few trees, and those few chiefly oaks of a comparatively small size, dot the landscape; while underneath them, and all around, is a vast surface of dry soil, baked brown and hard by the long summer, and with scarcely a green blade on the whole of it.

As the midday hours draw on, the heat increases; the thermometer rises to anywhere between 90 and 110 degrees under the awning of our carriage; a slight breeze comes creeping up behind us, following the course of the valley, and raising choking clouds of dust, which are often so dense as to hide from sight even the shaft-horses: larks and other small birds fly away to what scant shade they can find, and stand in rows, with drooping wings and gasping mouths, in a few inches of shade afforded by a gate post or a rail; there is only one of the feathered tribe that seems to court the glare and heat, and that is the ground-owl, who stands blinking at the edge of a squirrel-hole, wherein he has made his nest, and looks anything but the "bird of wisdom" which tradition calls him.

Yet this Californian heat is by no means so oppressive or debilitating in its effects as might be supposed. Anglo-Saxons work here in the open air, dressed in cloth clothes and with felt hats, and never dream of sunstroke. We once made ourselves quite conspicuous by walking through the streets of Sacramento at midday with an Indian "Sola topé" on. The thermometer was standing at 101 degrees in the shade, yet the streets were tolerably full of people, and only one other sun-hat did we see, and that was on the head of another traveler.

The air seems to be so dry that perspiration is absorbed before it lodges on the skin, and you may drive a horse in California at a good pace and for a long distance in the sun, and scarcely see a hair on his coat turned. These Californian horses are wonders, too, in the matter of endurance and strength. A team of four takes our party of nine, in a rather heavy-going open coach, forty-five miles on the first day without staying anywhere on the road for more than ten minutes, just long enough, in fact, to get a draught of water. The next day they travel forty-two miles, and on the third day thirty-five miles, of which a considerable portion is up very steep hills. The driver confesses that they are "right sober" at the end, but they look little the worse, and they only have a day's rest and then start off again on almost as long distances. It is not the custom to feed horses in California more than twice a day, and the statement of horse-owners that there's "something in the air" that supports them seems certainly confirmed by experience. As we drive on up the valley over miles and miles of bare and parched-looking land, it is difficult to believe that during the Winter and Spring months all this is richly carpeted with flowers of bright and varied hues. Yet such is the case, if we are to believe the testimony of the inhabitants, including that of a Scoto-American, who has been in other favored countries, and tells us that he thinks this is the "floweriest" land on earth.

"THE SEDUCER AND HIS VICTIM."

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A RESIDENT of Minneapolis picked up an old scrap-book created in his hours of leisure fifteen or twenty years ago, and found therein a sermon on "The Seducer and His Victim," which was delivered by Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, in the year 1856. The Minneapolis gentleman copied the sermon and sent it to the St. Paul Pioneer. We extract the following significant indictment of the seducer:

"The seducer! Playing upon the most sacred

passions, he betrays innocence. How? By its tenderest faculties; by its trust; by its unsuspecting faith; by its honor. The victim often and often is not the accomplice so much as the sufferer, betrayed by an exorcism which bewitched her noblest affections, and became the suicide of her virtue!

The betrayer, for the most intense selfishness, without one noble motive, without one pretense of honor—by lies; by a devilish jugglery of fraud, by blinding the eye, confusing the conscience, misleading the judgment, and instilling the dew of sorcery upon every flower of sweet affection, deliberately, heartlessly, damns the confiding victim! Is there one shade of good intention; one glimmering trace of light? Not one. There was not the most shadowy, tremulous intention of honor. It was sheer, premeditated, wholesale ruin, from beginning to end. The accused sorcerer opens the door of the world to push her forth. She looks out all shuddering: for there is shame, and sharp-toothed hatred, and chattering slander, and malignant envy, and triumphing jealousy, and murderous revenge—these are seen rising before her: clouds full of fire, that burn but will not kill. And there is for her want and poverty and gaunt famine. There is the world spread out. She sees father and mother heartlessly abandoning her, a brother's shame, a sister's anguish. It is a vision of desolation, a plundered home: an altar where honor and purity, and virtue and peace have been insidiously sacrificed to the foul Moloch. All is cheerlessness to the eye, and her ear catches the sound of sighing and mourning, wails and lamentations; and far down, at the horizon of the vision, the murky cloud for a moment lifts, and she sees the very bottom of infamy, the ghastliness of death, the last spasm of horrible departure, the awful thunder of final doom. All this the trembling, betrayed creature sees through the open door of the future; and with a voice that might move the dead, she turns and clasps her knees in awful agony: 'Leave me not! Oh! spare me—save me—cast me not away!' Poor thing—she is dealing with a demon! Spare her?—save her? The polished scoundrel betrayed her to abandon her, and walks the street to boast his hellish deed. It becomes him as a reputation! Surely society will crush him! They will smite the wolf and seek out the bleeding lamb. Oh, my soul, believe it not! What sight is that? The drooping victim is worse used than the infernal destroyer! He is fondled, courted, passed from honor to honor, and she is crushed and mangled under the infatuate tramp of public indignation. On her mangled corpse they stand to put the laurels of her murderer's brow! When I see such things as these, I thank God that there is a judgment, and that there is a hell!"

MORMONS AND INDIANS.

THE Mormons have a peculiar view about the red men, whom they regard as a branch of the Hebrew people, who migrated from Palestine to North America in their days of power and righteousness, while they yet held the priesthood in their hands. When, through the sin of disobedience, they lost their priesthood, they lost, along with that sacred office, their white color, their bright intelligence, their noble physiognomy. According to the Mormons, some rag and tatters of their early faith—or of their ancient institutions—still remain to these remnants of Israel: their belief in one great spirit; their division into tribes; their plurality of wives. But the curse of God is upon them and upon their seed. They come of a sacred race—but a sacred race now lying under the stern reproof of heaven. "In time—in God's own time," said Brigham Young, in a recent conversation, "they will be called into a state of grace: they will then cease to do evil and learn to do good: they will settle down in cities; they will become white in color; and they will act as a nation of priests."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A FRENCH TOBACCO MANUFACTORY.—Our picture of a Paris chewing-tobacco factory will undoubtedly interest American manufacturers. Immense quantities of the article are used in all parts of the civilized world. There is much complaint among Americans in England because they cannot buy the Yankee brand there; but it is to be presumed that the Parisians do their work so well and skillfully as to satisfy even the most fastidious American.

VICTOR EMANUEL'S MOUNTAIN ENCAMPMENT.—The King of Italy delights to hunt among the wild solitudes of the mountain regions in Northern Italy. We give a sketch of his encampment at Moncaro, in the Valley of Valsavaranche. The king's bedroom, like the surroundings, is eminently primitive, a small iron bedstead, and a few white-pine wood chairs and a table, forming the only furniture. In the dining-room, a trifle larger, the Cure of Valsavaranche recites mass on Sunday mornings.

INTERIOR OF A PARIS OMNIBUS.—In most countries where passenger vehicles are run there is a universal complaint of overcrowding. In London, New York, San Francisco and Montevideo people are permitted to pack themselves in the cars or omnibuses until there is little comfort in riding. But in Paris it is different. When the seats are full a sign is displayed to that effect, and passengers are not allowed to enter until there is a vacancy. We give a character sketch of the interior of a Paris omnibus.

KING COFFEE'S UMBRELLA.—This singular trophy is deposited at the South Kensington Museum in England. Such umbrellas are very rare. This one will shelter twelve persons. In Dahomey and Ashantee they are highly prized; all the chiefs and persons of rank use them, and the umbrella-bearer is an important officer in the king's household.

A NEGRO FIGHT IN VENEZUELA.—Travelers say that no one will believe what a negro's head will stand until he has seen them fight. They run at each other, heads first, like rams, and the crash of their skulls is distinctly audible a square distance. We give a sketch of such a fight.

THE BATTLE OF ESTELLA.—This picture represents one of the incidents of the recent battle of Estella in Spain. The Carlists were strongly entrenched; but the Republicans made a determined advance; but the Carlists held their fire until the invaders were near at hand. Then they mowed them down, and afterwards charged on them, literally dicing the ground with blood. Soon after this, Marshal Concha was killed, and the Republicans retreated.

ICE-MAKING IN ENGLAND.—Several machines for making ice by artificial means have been invented in this country and in England and France. Our illustration represents an English machine for making ice by means of ether, salt water and a vacuum. Similar machines were used in the Ashantee War, and are now used in India. From one to ten tons in twenty-four hours can be made with each machine.

AN ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—"The Royal Agricultural Society's Show," recently held at Bedford, was considered a great success. Our picture represents the horse-parade before the Crown-Prince and Princess of Germany.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A CALIFORNIA paper says that from Colusa to Marysville, from one side of Sutter County to the other, there is one continuous expanse of grain fields, orchards and growing vegetables, the land being valued at from twenty-five to eighty dollars per acre.... A village of Indians in Wyoming Territory has been attacked, and the inhabitants severely punished by a cavalry company; a large number were killed and wounded.... In Kentucky the Democrats have carried the State for the Court of Appeals Clerkship by a large majority.... The Vicksburg city election passed off quietly, no disturbance occurring; the whites were victorious.... The violators of the Election law in Utah were released on bail; Mr. Cannon is probably returned to Congress.... Mineral springs of the medical sort have been discovered at Minneapolis, Minn.... An address has been issued to the people of the United States by the Centennial Commission, in which it is stated that a plan has been adopted for raising a revenue, which will be brought before the public by the bureau created for that purpose.... Lead and tin have been found in Pine Hill Mountain, on the line between Greene and Ulster Counties, N. Y. Joseph Pfeifer, of Red Falls, is sinking a lead mine. The shaft is now 120 feet deep. John Rider is putting down a tin mine near by. Specimens have been discovered which under analysis yielded ninety-five cent. pure tin.... The Brooklyn Common Council pledged the city for \$2,000,000 towards the completion of the East River Bridge.... The New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania Railroad Companies agreed to increase the rates of immigrant passage to the West to the figures at which they were fixed before the troubles between them began.... The Convention to celebrate the Centennial of Chemistry assembled at Northumberland, Pa.... Ex-Congressman Philadelphus Van Trump, of Ohio, is dead.... Senator Morton opened the campaign for the Republicans of Indiana in a speech at Terre Haute.... The reorganization of the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital was denounced by the present Board.... The Territorial election in Utah was accompanied by serious disturbances in Salt Lake City.... "Lord" Gordon committed suicide at his residence in Manitoba.... The postal car question remains unsettled; the cars still run over the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Road, but no higher compensation has been agreed upon.... A reservoir at Trenton, N. J., gave way, flooding the streets, but doing no serious damage.... Eight cargoes of wheat have cleared from San Francisco for England since July 1st. The receipts at last dates were averaging a ship-load daily, and would soon be largely increased.... In the trial of ex-Senator Pomeroy for bribery, at Topeka, Kan., the motion to quash the indictment was overruled; a motion for a change of venue was granted.... The Illinois State Democratic Committee have issued an address inviting the co-operation of all opponents of the Republican Party in the coming election.

FOREIGN.

THERE WAS a violent scene in the French Assembly, August 1st, a Bonapartist having assailed the Republic.... The houses of prominent Bonapartists are being searched in Paris.... The French Government is urged by the press to recognize the Spanish Republic.... The German squadron sent to the Spanish coast is designed only to protect German subjects.... The wife of Don Carlos has left Paris at the instance of the French Government.... It is understood that all points relating to naval warfare will be excluded from the International Congress.... The operatives at the flax-mills in Belfast, Ireland, are on strike, and are making riotous demonstrations.... The Italian Government has demanded the recall of the French war-steamer permanently stationed at Civita Vecchia as a refuge for the Pope in case of need.... The French Government is willing to act in concert with Northern Powers in recognizing the Spanish Republic.... Negotiations relative to making a naval demonstration against the Carlists are pending between the maritime powers.... The game of cricket between the American and English eleven, playing at Lord's cricket-ground in London, resulted in a victory for the Americans.... The British House of Lords has thrown out the clause in the Public Worship Regulation Bill granting a parishioner's right of appeal to an archbishop when a bishop won't prosecute a clergyman for Ritualism.... A Halifax telegram says that Prospect fishermen made a haul of 1,000 barrels of mackerel on Sunday.... The Prussian Government has ordered 250,000 Manser rifles from Stary, the great Austrian manufacturer.... During the first six months of this year 500,000 tons of coal were raised at the Nova Scotia and Cape Breton mines.... The French Government is building, as an experiment, at Toulon, two ironclad cruisers, which are to have the great speed of 18 knots an hour, and mounting 27 heavy guns.... The French National Assembly passed the entire budget, and adjourned to November 30th. The Republican Deputies have resolved to agitate for a general election, and the Legitimists threaten to renew their monarchist intrigues.... The House of Commons has accepted the Public Worship Regulation Bill as amended by the House of Lords, and that measure is virtually passed.... Two German war vessels left for the Spanish coast on the 8th inst.... It is reported the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany have sent the Government a protest against Church laws.... The Spanish Government intends to send 12,000 troops to Cuba.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

A NEW version of "Griffith Gaunt" has been undertaken at Niblo's Garden.

MR. JOHN DILLON, the comedian, is still at the Academy of Music, Chicago.

TOOLE, the great English comedian, visited Niagara Falls immediately on his arrival in America.

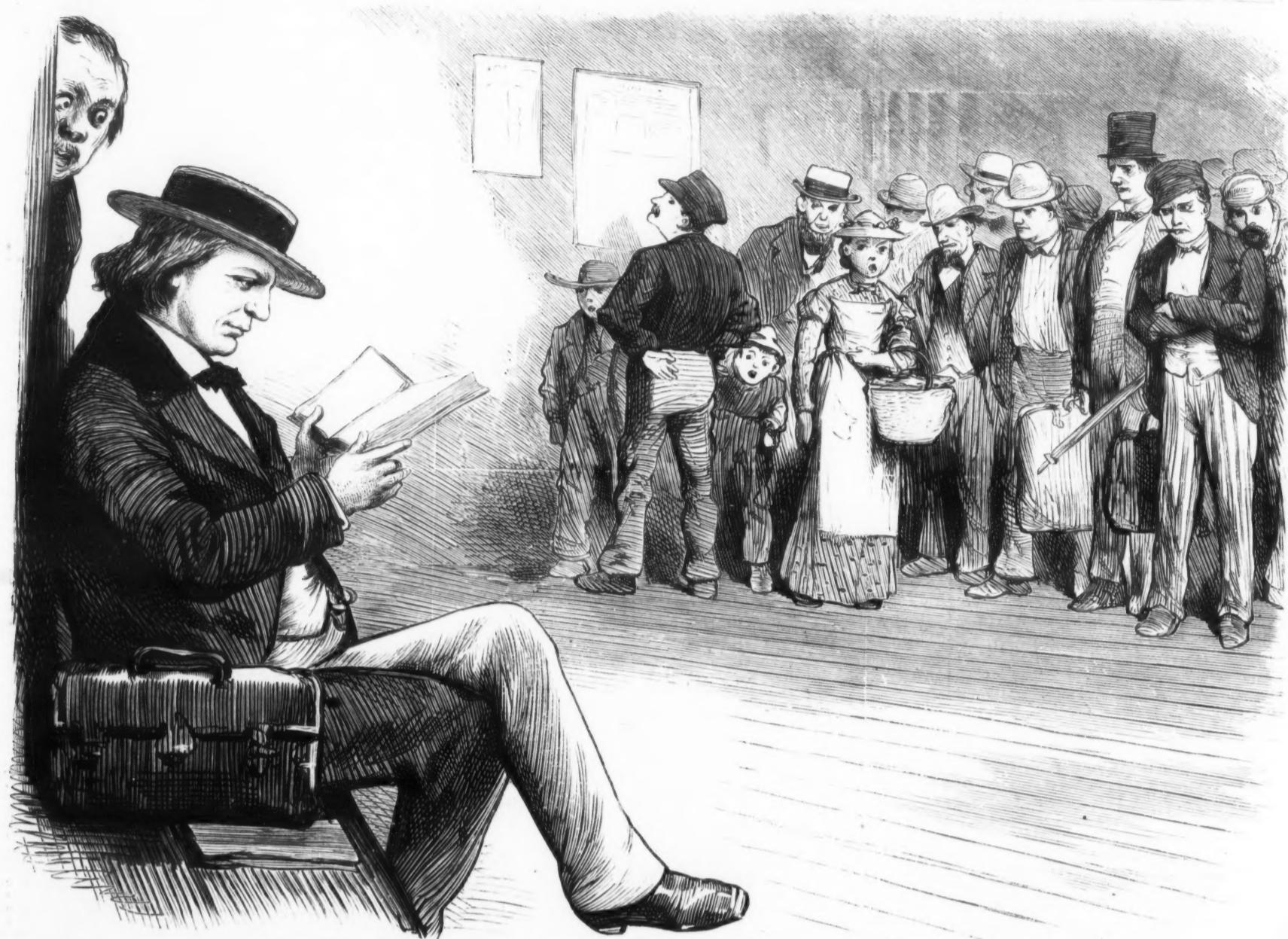
DAN BRYANT, the minstrel, is the guest in London of Mr. G. W. Moore, the "bones" of St. James's Hall.

MARK TWAIN's forthcoming play, "Colonel Sellers," is in a prologue and four acts, constructed from incidents in the "Gilded Age."

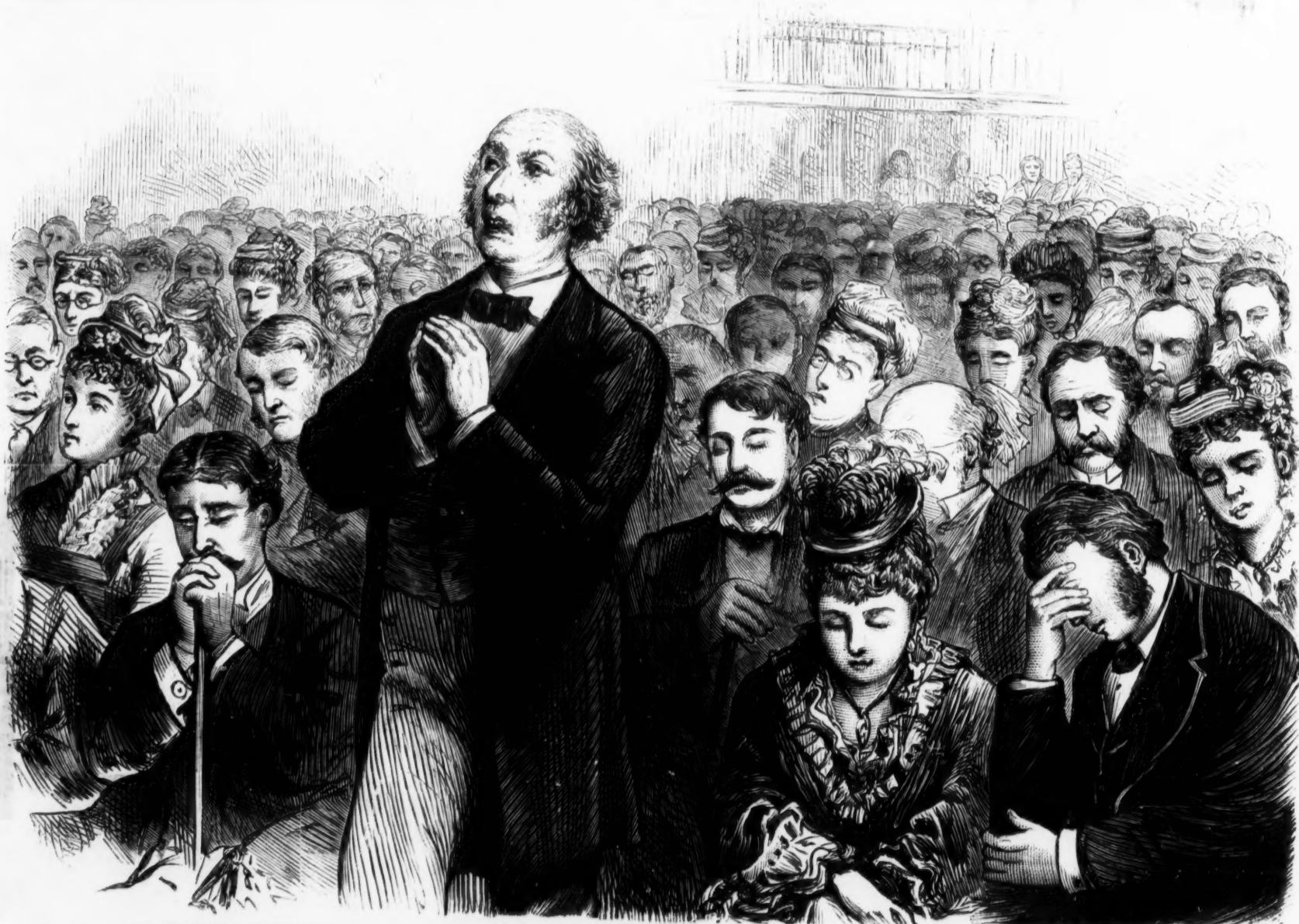
It is rumored that Lester Wallack will have control of the New York Park Theatre next Winter, with Theodore Moses as Man Friday.

THE crystal flute which Napoleon I gave in 1811 to the celebrated Eustis Drouet

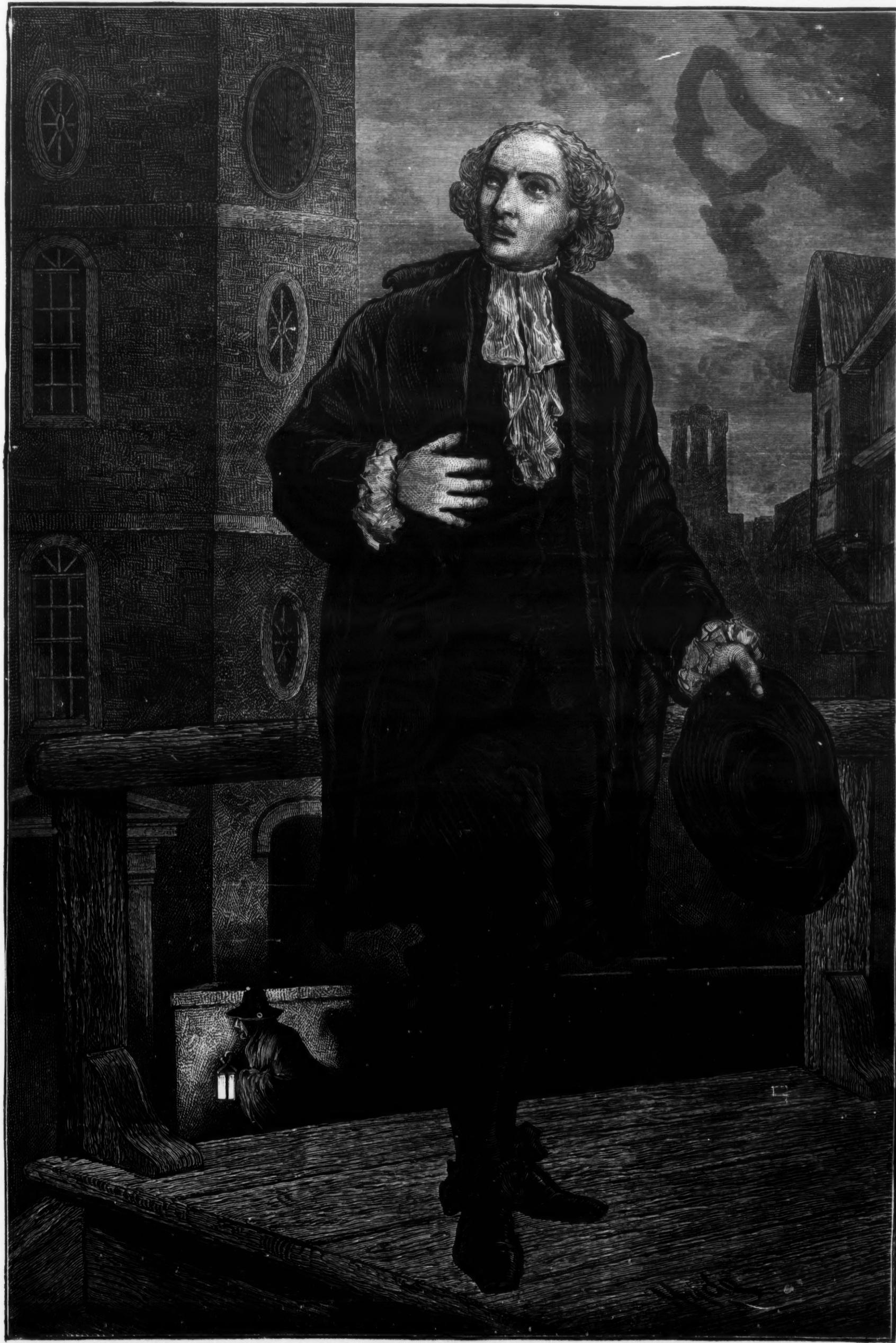
AUGUST 22, 1874.



PLYMOUTH PASTOR.—SCENE AT THE DEPOT AT PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—RUSTICS STARING AT MR. BEECHER.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 375.



FRIDAY EVENING PRAYER-MEETING IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH LECTURE-ROOM—OFFERING PRAYERS FOR THE PASTOR.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 375.



"THE MINISTER'S VIGIL."

THE REV. ARTHUR DIMMESDALE, THE SEDUCER OF HESTER PRYNNE, HEROINE OF HAWTHORNE'S STORY OF "THE SCARLET LETTER," STANDING AT MIDNIGHT ON THE PUBLIC
SCAFFOLD OF BOSTON, IN VAIN EXPLANATION OF HIS CRIME.—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.

THE APPLE BLOSSOM.

Gold bloom of the apple so bright!
Rich rose-bloom, dissolving in white!
When Phœbus's brush
Wrought thy beautiful blush,
It must have been dipped in the dawn's tender flush
Of softest, most exquisite light.

The blossom of Ariel art thou!
The blossom that hangs on the bough!"
That sweet cowslip bell
A wild story might tell

Of his feet on the sward, where thy petals so well
Adorn its brave malachite brow.

He may lead pretty Mab by the hand
To trip with his light footed band
Here, on blossom-strewed rings,
While the nightingale sings,

And the bats wheel in time, with their broad flapping wings,

Till they bear the fays home to their land.

Oh, bloom of the apple! my rhyme
Should be read after day's golden prime,
When flowers go to sleep
And pale stars rise and peep
Into orchards where sprites a long reverie might keep,
And elfin harps aarily chime!

STEPHANIE.

THIE villagers called it the Little Shop; and so they had called it from the first morning Keturah Bright opened its shutters. That was many years before the time of my story, for when the place was opened Keturah was a middle-aged woman, and when it was closed she had been dead some time; and she had lived fully the number of years allotted to mankind. Before her death a great change had taken place in the small household behind the tiny dark room where the counter stood, and where the darning needles and Berlin wools were piled, one on top of the other, on the numerous shelves.

Up to about six years before she died the old woman had lived entirely alone. But one morning a customer going in early to make a purchase found her sitting, in her usual place behind the counter, with a companion; and this companion was a child, which was rather surprising, since it was not known that she had any relatives, and she had never appeared fond of children. She was "close-mouthed," as they called it; seldom talking about her own affairs, and frequently disposing of questioners with some sharpness; but her visitor's curiosity was so great upon this occasion, that, despite the remembrance of previous rebuffs, it overpowered her prudence.

"Why, missus?" she exclaimed, with good-natured bluntness, "who'd ha' thought it?"

"Ay," was Keturah's unflinching reply. "Who would?"

The customer set her basket on the counter, and stared at the child with an honest expression of interest, which settled at last into an honest admiration: for it was a pretty child, with a wondrously fair little face, and curling soft light hair.

"Heart alive!" she said next. "She's a pretty 'un! There's no favor o' you about her, missus. There cannot be much kin betwixt you."

Then Keturah, rising from her seat, rested her two knotty, hard-worked old hands on the counter directly opposite the questioner, and faced her with stolid defiance.

"Do you want anything?" she said.

"Ay, to be sure," good-temperedly ignoring the implied sarcasm. "I came in for some buttons for our Margery; but seein' the child there, drove it clean out o' my head."

The old woman brought out the required articles, in silence; in fact, she did not utter another word until the buttons had been wrapped in paper, and handed over to the purchaser. Then, as her visitor was turning away in despair of gaining any further information, she somewhat startled her by calling her back.

"Here it!" she said. And the woman stopped, and looked round at her.

"I suppose," said Keturah, "that if people ask you about this child, you'd like to be able to tell them something?"

"Sure enough, if I knew it."

"Very well," said Keturah. "If any one asks you anything, you can tell this much: She is the daughter of a son of mine who is no credit to me, and her mother is his wife, and no credit to him; and I am going to try to make an honest woman of her, and her name is Stephanie; but she is to be called Steenie, because Stephanie is her mother's name, and is no credit to anybody."

Of course there was no end to speculation as to the true state of affairs, when this was noised abroad, but no one ever knew the exact truth. Some said, indeed, that Keturah Bright, having been left a widow, with an only son, had been so passionately attached to him, that she had spent her youth in hard labor for his sake; and when he grew up he had been wild and reckless, had married a French girl of tarnished reputation, and, going from bad to worse, had, in the end, committed some heinous crime for which he had been transported for life.

But how the story had floated to Gowanham, and whether it had any foundation or not, remained a mystery to the last; for after the little girl's first appearance behind the counter of the Little Shop, both father and mother were lost to her.

In the course of time, Steenie, as she was called, became as much of a Gowanham institution as the Little Shop itself. Being pretty and tractable, she was, so to speak, taken in hand by popular consent. The rector himself took a fancy to her; and his daughter made a *protege* of her, and gave her extra lessons two or three times a week. There was not much excitement in the life behind the Little Shop; but whether her existence was bright or dull, the child Steenie, living over day by day, bore it cheerfully and simply, and was only different from other children in being so conscientious, and self-possessed, and industrious, that she was quite like a little woman.

When she was fourteen, Keturah died, and then Gowanham found cause for astonishment again. She had laid strict injunctions upon Steenie to hold to the Little Shop, and carry on its business just as it had been carried on in her lifetime. It would be a means of independence for her, she said; she would have a home of her own, and a place in the world; and as to being alone, there was no need of that—she could choose some elderly person to be companion and assistant in one. On hearing this, Gowanham was not only surprised, but rather scandalized. The idea of the child's bearing upon her young shoulders such a weight of responsibility was not a pleasant one, and many of her friends demurred against it openly. But in her pretty, steadfast way Steenie held to her determination to submit to her dead relative's wishes; and even those who were fondest of her became reconciled, and admired her more than ever. As to the choice

of a companion, Steenie settled that herself, when about a fortnight after Keturah's death, her friend, the rector, called to see her.

"I have been thinking, sir," she said, after rising from her chair to greet him—a modest little figure in black, with a gentle way of moving—"I have been thinking, sir, that I should like to have old Tibby."

"Old Tibby!" said the rector. "What for, my dear? Oh, to be sure!" suddenly recollecting himself. "I had forgotten for the moment. You mean you would like to have her stay with you by way of company?"

"Yes, sir," said Steenie, looking up at him with a simple anxiety. "I have been thinking so. You see, she doesn't find the almshouse so easy to bear with since the rheumatism came on, and it seems to me it would be best to ask some one to come here who really needs a home very much. Don't you think so?"

The years went on, and Steenie's little figure shot up into a tall one, and the girl's face became very pretty indeed.

"Dangerously pretty for a child exposed as she is!" said the good rector to his wife, after one of his visits. "And yet I cannot wish it was less pretty, for she is a sensible little thing."

She was a sensible little thing. Good sense and simple singleness of purpose were peculiar to her. There was not an atom of frivolity in her whole nature; and though she laughed and colored often over the blunt, broad compliments of the honest countrymen and women who made their purchases from her, pleasure in their admiration was an innocent, healthy pleasure, and brought her no foolish flutter of gratified vanity.

"Are you never afraid?" said a young matron to her, "that people will be rude to you, knowing you are so much alone?"

"No," answered Steenie. "I am not afraid at all; and I believe it is because I am not afraid, that people do not think of being rude to me."

She was a cheerful little soul, too. She made the tiny dark rooms positively bright.

"It's a sight to see her, ma'am," old Tibby said to the rector's wife. "It's a sight to see her sittin' in the big wooden rockin'-chair, when the shop's closed, an' readin' out so grand and easy."

Steenie Bright became more and more of a favorite at the rectory. She spent many of her spare moments there, particularly after Miss Denham married and went away, leaving the old couple alone. In the eyes of good Mrs. Denham, Steenie Bright became nearer perfection every day of her life. As she grew older, she fell into the habit of relying upon her for advice, and information and assistance; for the girl possessed so much tact and clear good sense, that she was quite invaluable in all charitable enterprises.

"Mrs. Denham sent them," she explained. "There is some tea here, too, and a bottle of wine for Joey. And Joey, here is the picture-book, the one about the travelers. Children, who is going to put the kettle on for mother's tea? She is so tired."

Having emptied the basket, she knelt down by Joe's couch for a minute or so, turning over the leaves of the book and examining the pictures, talking in a low tone. At last Kenneth heard the word "patient," and saw the boy color faintly.

"I tried to be," he said. "And I think I was until I thought you were not coming, and then my head ached so, and the rest were so noisy, and—and—" but Kenneth lost the rest. She could not stay very long. She was obliged to return to the rectory, she said. She had promised to take tea with Mrs. Denham, and it was late already: so, with a few more words to Joey, she took the empty basket, and was going out, when the clergyman spoke to her, leaving his seat.

"I am going to the rectory myself," he said, a trifle awkwardly. "May I have the pleasure of carrying this?" And he held out his hand for the basket.

She let him take it, and they walked out into the fog together, she wondering a little why he looked so unhappy. They said very little to each other. She was never talkative, and he was in a silent mood this evening. Simple-minded, steadfast Steenie Bright was sharpening his sting of conscience again, and making him more dissatisfied with himself than ever. It was so plain that her heart was in the work of her hands.

"You—you like this sort of thing!" he broke out at length.

Steenie looked up quickly, a troubled wonder in her limpid gray eyes. It was a singular speech for a man in his position to make; and it was made so abruptly, and in so strange a tone. She had wondered once or twice before why he was so very unlike a minister. To her he looked very unlike one, with his tall, rather elegant figure, his pale face, and that unsatisfied expression in his dark eyes. It was, perhaps, a natural result of her simple training, that she should have her own ideas of what was clerical.

"Like it?" she echoed; and then modifying her tone of surprise, because some quick, inner sense told her that it grated upon him: "Yes, I like it. It is making people happy. At least," with grave consciousness, "happier than they would be if nobody tried to help them."

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "what a pity!"

The gentleman—it was a gentleman—raised his hat with a hurried apology. Looking down, he saw a slight figure in a gray cloak and hat, and a lovely troubled face uplifted: looking up, Steenie, almost unconsciously, took in the outward appearance of a tall, cadaverous young man, with a pair of fine dark eyes, at this moment touched with a faint expression of annoyance, and her recognition of this expression made her recoil at herself.

"It does not matter much," she said, in a pretty, cheerful way, rescuing the packages. "It does not matter at all, it seems, because nothing is injured, and the bottle of wine is quite safe. Thank you," as he handed her a little parcel. "That is the tea. Nothing has rolled away, I think."

"Forgive me," he said. "I did not see you. I was wondering where I should find the rectory. Perhaps you can tell me, if you will be so good."

"Yes," Steenie answered. "We are before the gates now. I have just left the house."

"Thank you;" and raising his hat again, he turned in through the gateway, as Steenie went on. "I wonder," she said, quickening her pace, and holding something more firmly to the basket, "if that is Mr. Kenneth Dart? Yes, it must be. How dreadfully ill he looks, and how tall and thin he is!"

The Rev. Kenneth Dart was a younger member of an old but broken-down and impoverished family. He had nothing but his own exertions to depend on, and so far had been the reverse of fortunate. Life had gone against him, and he had made a great mistake. There had been half a dozen sons in the family to provide for, and each must have some profession. The Church had not been Kenneth's choice, and his conscience urged him sharply when, after a struggle, he accepted it as his vocation. His soul was not in his work; but he was not brave enough to accept what his life had taught him to regard as a lower lot, or to labor and wait with patience. So he took up the task, which should have thrilled him to his heart's core with a sense of its divine purpose, and took it up coldly; though with an inward resolve to do it all honor, as far as a conscientious outward life would go.

It so chanced that Steenie did not meet him at the rectory for several weeks after their acci-

dental encounter, but she heard him preach several times. And though he had forgotten her very existence, as soon as he left her at the iron gates, the moment that he caught sight of her among his congregation, Kenneth Dart knew her again, knew the girl's face in an instant. It was not only that it was a fair, fresh face—it was a good face, a face with a meaning. There was purpose in it, truth in its brightness in it; it was the sort of face to encourage one to believe in the world, or, at least, to think leniently of it. Whatsoever the young hand found to do would be done with all its might. Not that Kenneth Dart saw all this; he was not, in those days, the man to follow such a train of thought. With him it was simply a matter of being attracted or repelled, and here he found himself attracted.

He did not make any inquiries concerning her. Information came to him without any effort to gain it. In his daily labors among the poorer people, he found a certain influence at work which now and then surprised him. There was some one person in Gowanham who was not only dear to these poor people, but dear to them in the truest sense of the word. There was some one who had been before him, and who had come into hearts that were as sealed books to himself: who helped these people, and gave them cheery counsel and bright words; and there was not one of them but had affection and pride for her: and she was only a girl after all.

He found this out one miserable, foggy November day when he was making some visits, and was in one of his bitterest and most dissatisfied moods. He was ill and wretched—he was often ill, and often wretched—and just on this particular evening his life seemed to him to be at its worst.

He had called at the cottage to find one child sick, the rest in an uproar, and the hard-worked mother in a state of irritated despair; and, after the first commotions, he was sitting wondering miserably what to say or do next, when the latch was lifted, and the sick boy gave a little cry of delight.

"I'm so glad!" he said, quite hysterically, poor child. "I thought you weren't going to come!" and Dart, glancing round, rose from his seat at once, at sight of the bright face, and the slight figure clad in gray, like some youthful pilgrim.

It seemed as if the whole state of affairs altered at once. The children ceased their bickerings, the boy's pale face quite glowed, and even the care-worn mother appeared to recover something of spirit. Steenie set her small basket on the table, and began to take some packages out.

"Mrs. Denham sent them," she explained. "There is some tea here, too, and a bottle of wine for Joey. And Joey, here is the picture-book, the one about the travelers. Children, who is going to put the kettle on for mother's tea? She is so tired."

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"Like it?" she echoed; and then modifying her tone of surprise, because some quick, inner sense told her that it grated upon him: "Yes, I like it. It is making people happy. At least," with grave consciousness, "happier than they would be if nobody tried to help them."

"And you never found yourself at a loss, and are never tired of it?"

"I am often at a loss," she answered, "and often discouraged; but one cannot live one's life throughout without being discouraged, so I am not exactly tired. Life itself is never very easy, you know."

"True," he returned, in gloomy abstraction. "It is not."

He did not know yet who she was, and it had never occurred to him to find out. He strode on in almost entire silence until they reached their destination. There they found good Mrs. Denham awaiting them; and he was aroused from his reverie by her warm greeting. The youthful figure, in its cloak of pilgrim gray, was as welcome here, it seemed, as in the cottages.

"You have found your way back again, my dear child," she said. "How cold you are! Come to the fire. Where did you pick her up, Mr. Dart?"

"I met Miss—Miss—" began Kenneth, and then suddenly awoke to remember that he did not know what to call her. Steenie, standing before the fire, drawing off her neat little gloves, turned to him with one of her bright unspoiled smiles.

"Nobody has ever introduced us to each other," she said to Mrs. Denham. "We forgot all about it, I think."

"And he has been here all these weeks without knowing you? I thought everybody knew our Steenie Bright, Mr. Dart."

And this is how Kenneth Dart discovered the identity of the influence he had found at work. He found it at work often enough after this, and chance seemed continually throwing him into Steenie Bright's path. He could hardly go out without meeting the pretty, quiet gray figure. He could certainly never go out without hearing of it.

"She is very popular," he once remarked, rather stiffly, to Mrs. Denham. The fact was, the girl seemed an actual reproach to him.

Not long after this, the Little Shop had a visitor who had never entered its doors before. One evening, just before closing-time, Mr. Dart made his appearance, rather to Steenie's surprise. He had something to say about some poor people who were a great trouble to him; and he remained talking. When at last he went away, Steenie found herself feeling both bewildered and pained, though she

scarcely knew why. She never spent five minutes with the man without being vaguely conscious that he was moody and dissatisfied; and this night she felt more sure of his unhappiness than ever; and she sat so long in silence on her low stool, before the fire, that the old woman asked what troubled her.

"Trouble!" said Steenie, looking up a little. "I don't know, exactly; or, perhaps—Well, yes, it is a sort of trouble. I am puzzled, Tibby."

She was puzzled very frequently before long

then stopped short and looked at her as if a new thought had struck him. "I believe you would go," he added, a trifle sharply, "if the greatest scoundrel in the place called for you."

"If I could do him any good I would go," she said. "Tell me what it will be best for me to do, now?"

"You must do nothing," was his reply; "except try to escape the contagion. That is the only thing your friends ought to allow you to do, apart from preparing assistance in the shape of clothes and nourishing food. Are you on your way to the rectory?"

"Yes."

"Then you may put together whatever you think will be useful, and when I have changed my clothes I will come to the house."

Steenie reached the rectory just in time to intercept Mrs. Denham; who, hearing of the commotion, was on the point of going out to make inquiries.

"You must not go, Mrs. Denham," she said. "It is the fever." And though she spoke with great calmness, there was a deep anxiety in her resolute young face.

Kenneth Dart came in the course of half an hour, and found two baskets prepared instead of one, good old Mrs. Denham in tears, and Steenie still dressed.

"You are surely not thinking of going among those people yourself?" he said, excitedly, when she took one of the baskets from the table, evidently with the intention of accompanying him.

"You are going," she answered, "and it will be no worse for me than it is for you."

"You are a woman—I am a man. You have no right to expose yourself. There is no need—"

She stopped him. "There must be need if there is danger—the greater the danger the greater the need. If you please, Mrs. Denham," turning to her friend, "will you tell him you think I am doing right?"

Rector's wife as she was, the old lady had her weaknesses, and surely the most natural of them was her love for pretty Steenie Bright.

"My dear," she said, tearfully, "you could not do wrong, if you tried; but I cannot help thinking I really cannot help thinking, my love—." And she quite broke down in the excess of her motherly fear.

But Steenie stood her ground. She looked straight at Kenneth Dart, with the first touch of girlish fire in her eyes he had ever felt the power of.

"You know I am right," she said. "And I would rather die because I had helped people who were suffering, than live because I had left them to bear everything alone."

He did not say another word. He went out of the room in silence. For a moment she felt a spark of indignation against him; but the instant it died out reaction followed, and she was sorry, just as a child might have been. She did not like to speak to him, and he did not speak to her; so they walked on without exchanging a word until they reached their destination. Then, just as he had his hand upon the latch, Steenie's trouble became too much for her, and she looked up at him with her timid pain in her eyes.

"Mr. Dart," she faltered. "If you please, are you—Have I made you angry with me?"

Had she been a child who had done him some wrong, she could not have spoken more simply. And she was so much better than he was—so far above him! His heart had never quickened at any speech or look of hers before, but it quickened then. And yet she did not speak warmly.

"I have no right to be angry," he said. "I am only fearful. Gowanhamb cannot do without you."

The gentle, troubled heart beat a little sadly. "If Gowanhamb cannot do without me, God will take care of me," she said, in a soft half-whisper.

Months passed before the dreadful epidemic died entirely away. During the weeks of suffering, Steenie Bright did her work so well and bravely that even her nearest friends wondered. The slender young figure passed from house to house, and from bedside to bedside, an almost angelic presence. It seemed that, in truth, Gowanhamb could not afford to lose her, for the scourge never fell, even lightly, upon her, though she grew paler and thinner, with her labor and watching. And her work brought forth double fruit, though she was quite unconscious of it. There was one man, who, in his self-enforced labor, looked on her with a sting of conscience sometimes too hard to bear. Hers was the work of love; his a cold, bought sacrifice; and he had been weary of it before he had taken it into his hands. His earnestness was so great a mockery, hers so fair a truth.

She was very quiet in those days, he noticed, and there was often a shadow on her once bright face. She was tired out, and well she might be, he told himself. It never occurred to him that she might have other cause for sadness. But good, motherly Mrs. Denham became anxious, and accused her of being ill; and at last, one night, when she came in, took possession of her, and kept her prisoner.

"If you were any one else but Steenie Bright, I should say you had a little secret, and were not quite happy," she said; "but I know Steenie Bright so well that I am sure she is only weak and worn out. There, my dear, you must not think of stirring. You are going to sit in the rector's chair, and drink the tea I bring you, and do nothing but watch the fire until you fall asleep."

So Steenie was obliged to submit, after a weak protest, to which Mrs. Denham replied by kissing her, with tears in her eyes; and when later in the evening Kenneth Dart came in, he found her lying in the rector's chair, wrapped in a big shawl, and fast asleep, breathing softly—the pale, sweet face drooping upon the cushions.

Mrs. Denham had been called out, so he went to the hearth, and stood there regarding the girl with a new feeling of unrest. He was ill; himself, weary, and broken down; indeed, he had feared more than once during the day that his turn had come at length.

Perhaps the unconscious intensity of his gaze had some magnetic influence, for in the midst of his reverie, Steenie stirred, and the next instant her eyes opened full upon him as he watched her. She gave him a faint, sweet smile, but did not stir.

"Mr. Dart!" she said. "When did you come in? Do you want to see Mrs. Denham?"

"Not especially," he answered. "Now I ask myself the question, I believe it is you I want to see."

She moved then, sitting up and looking at him anxiously. "You are ill!" she exclaimed. "You are afraid that—"

"Hush!" he said. "Don't be frightened. It is not that, though I am far from well. Miss Bright, I have come to you for advice. No; I have come to make a confession to you."

"To me!" she said. "To me!"

It was so evident that she did not understand him, that he felt his humiliation all the more keenly.

"Yes," he said, "to you. I have come to tell you what a pitiful coward I am; what a hypocrite I have shown myself; how unworthy I am even of common respect."

And then he poured forth the whole story. Often as he had puzzled her, she had never dreamed of

the truth being what he showed her it was, that his heart had never been in his work, and that he had not even tried to deceive himself into the belief that it was so. It was a strange thing he was doing—pouring out his remorse to this inexperienced girl; a little girl who had spent her life among worsteds and darning-needles, behind the counter of a Gowanhamb shop; and yet he had never been tempted to tell the whole truth to any one but Steenie Bright; and but for Steenie Bright he might never have told it at all.

"My life is a lie," he said, in the end. "A dishonest pretense. I will not keep it up any longer. I am not fit for my position, as you must see."

"No," she answered, simply and sorrowfully, "you are not."

"I will make what reparation I can," he said. "I will tell Mr. Denham what I have told you, and I will go away from Gowanhamb and from the ministry for ever."

She turned so pale that he could not help seeing it. "For ever?"

"You do not think," he said, startled by the sound of her voice—"you do not think it better that I should remain?"

"No," she answered, still in the same curiously strained tone. "I think it better that you should go." And all at once she dropped her face upon her hands, and hid it in the cushions. But it was only for a minute. She looked up at him shortly, and spoke again. "I am very sorry," she said softly. "I have no words to tell you how sorry I am for you, and how this has hurt me."

"If prayers are answered," he said, "yours will be. Pray for me."

It was scarcely three minutes after he said this that Steenie noticed what a faint tremor passed over him, and he leaned his head upon his hand. She saw that he turned ashy pale, and before she could disentangle herself from her trappings, and spring to his assistance, he was lying upon the hearth, looking just as he had looked the evening she found him stretched across the pavement in the cold fog. He was miserably weak, physically. There could be no mistake as to that. Mrs. Denham came hurrying in.

"It is the fever again, Mrs. Denham," said the poor child. "People who have fought against it so long are often struck down in this way; and, with a strange, despairing sob, "I never knew one of them to get better."

It was a great shock to Mrs. Denham. And that one night at the curate's bedside taught her a secret the existence of which she had never before suspected.

"Don't send me away," said Steenie; "please don't send me away, Mrs. Denham. I have worked for other people, and waited on them, and—Oh, don't send me away from *him*!"

Her passionate, yet half-unconscious emphasis on the last word told the whole story. And so she staid in the rectory while Kenneth Dart lay there, going down alone to the very gates of death, and every watcher at his side thought each hour would be his last. But the gates were not to swing backward this time. Mrs. Denham said it was because he was faithfully watched and tended; because a desperate, clinging girlish hand held him back; and its owner having earned a gift from heaven, prayed so submissively, yet so yearningly, for this one life, that it was given in answer. At any rate, Kenneth Dart was snatched, as it were, from the grave. It was Steenie who had saved him, Mrs. Denham declared, when he strove to thank her.

"I am not worthy to touch the hem of your garment," he said. "God help me!"

No one knew but himself how dear the girl had grown to his unrestful heart during his sufferings. There were a hundred incidents which had drawn them together, and had brought hope to his soul. He was a strangely humbled and altered man who sat in the rector's chair ten weeks after he had fallen prostrate at Steenie's feet in the midst of his confession. He was beginning to learn a new lesson, and it was Steenie Bright who had taught him its rudiments.

It was quite ten weeks before Mrs. Denham would bear of her favorite going back to her old place, behind the counter of the Little Shop; but at the end of that time Steenie was resolute, and made her small preparations to go.

"Tibby wants me, I know," she said, with a quiet smile. "And the shop needs attention. And as to puss, why, I have not seen poor puss for a good while."

Accordingly she went up-stairs to the library, where Kenneth was sitting alone by the fire, to bid him good-by. She stopped to talk to him for a little while, standing on the opposite side of the hearth, and replying to his remarks in her pretty, modest way. She was glad he was better; he would be quite strong now, and happier, she hoped. This last, in her soft, trustful voice, half timidly. And then he thanked her, in a subdued, rather agitated tone, and there was silence. Steenie turned to go.

"Good-night," she said, shaking hands with him; as she left him, her eyes were so filled with tears, she could scarcely see the flickering light.

But when she reached the door she heard his voice. "Steenie!" he cried. And he had never called her Steenie before.

It was all she could do to speak aloud, but she managed it with a struggle. "Yes," he answered.

"Don't get up," she faltered. "Let me give you what you want."

"I want you," he said.

And then he caught sight of something which gave him a heart-pang, too, and a passionate one. "Are those tears in your eyes?" he cried.

"Yes," said Steenie, and stood before him with wet, dropped lashes, tremulous as before a judge.

Almost the next moment she felt his arms clasping her. "My poor little lamb," he said. "Why are they there? Is it because—"

"It is because I could not bear to leave you, and think you did not care!" she whispered; and there the innocent, sorrowful voice broke, for she could say no more.

That night the rector heard his curate's story from beginning to end; and while it was told, Steenie sat on a low stool at Kenneth Dart's feet, with her quiet hand in his. When the confession was ended, there was a silence, in which the rector bent his head thoughtfully, and the gentle hand clung to Kenneth's with a closer, tenderer clasp.

"And you wish to take up your work again?" said the rector.

Kenneth answered him with a silent gesture.

The old man looked at Steenie. "My dear," he said, "you have a tender faith in him at least; and you have promised to help him."

"Yes," answered Steenie, in her low, clear voice.

The rector, after a moment's thoughtful looking at the red fire, turned to them both once more: "I can trust him," he said. "The man you love is to be trusted. We will begin again."

And so they did; and the Little Shop being closed, its young mistress entered into a new existence. And she was so faithful to her loving task of

brightening and purifying the life she had taken into her tender hands, that in the end its record was as fair a one as her own.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

RACES OF EASTERN PRUSSIA.—The history of the population in the eastern provinces of Prussia is still involved in much obscurity, while that of the remaining provinces is pretty accurately known. Dr. Marshall considers the evidence obtainable from early writers—Pliny, Tacitus, etc.—from names of persons and places, and more especially from the archaeological collections, of which there are two, imperfectly arranged, in Königsberg. From a study of grave-relics, Dr. Marshall is led to the conclusion that, at one time, in these eastern provinces, two distinct races lived together. Several races having come from the East and settled in the coastlands of the Baltic, more than 1,000 years B.C. This land was, later, overrun by Goths from Central Russia, many of whom pressed on to Scandinavia and the Danish Islands, and to Western and Southern Europe; but a number remained on the amber coast, especially in the Weichsel region, and became fused with the Aestian or Wend race, already there. They were together known as *Pruzzen*.

IRON METEORS.—In recently describing a mass of meteoric iron from Howard County, Ind., Dr. J. Lawrence Smith takes occasion to make some general remarks on iron, which are not without interest to the metallurgist. The Indiana iron appears to be a true meteorite; it contains 12.29 per cent. of nickel, 0.65 of cobalt, and 0.20 of phosphorus; yet when a polished piece is acted on by acids it does not exhibit the well-known Widmannstätten figures. Some authorities have maintained that these markings result from the accumulation of an alloy richer in nickel than the mass of the iron; whilst others have referred them to a definite phosphide of iron and nickel, accumulated along certain lines of crystallization. Neither of these theories, however, satisfactorily accounts for their presence in some irons and their absence from others. Dr. Smith believes that in the solidification and crystallization of iron there is a tendency to eliminate the foreign constituents to the exterior of the crystals. If, then, a meteoric mass has consolidated rapidly, the phosphorus might be so diffused as to afford no marked indication of its presence, but if consolidated slowly there would be a more or less perfect elimination of the phosphorus in parts representing spaces between the crystals and the mass. We may remark, in passing, that Dr. Smith has found that the presence of 1 per cent. of phosphorus, or less, in cast-iron, enables the metal to resist the action of concentrated sulphuric acid to a greater degree than when the metal is entirely free from phosphorus.

MIGRATORY FISHES.—It was formerly supposed that certain fish, as the herring, the shad and the alewives, with others of like habits, prosecuted an extensive migration along the shores of the ocean, covering, sometimes, thousands of miles in the sweep of their travels; and much eloquent writing has been expended by such authors as Pennant and others in defining the starting-point and terminus, as well as the intermediate stages of the voyage. The shad, too, which, as is well known, occupies all the rivers of the Atlantic coast from Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was thought to begin its course in the West Indies, and in an immense body, which, going northward, sent detachment to occupy each fresh water stream as it was reached, the last remnant of the band finally passing up the St. Lawrence, and there closing the course. We now, however, have much reason to think that in the case of the herring, the shad, the alewife and the salmon, the journey is simply from the mouth of the rivers by the nearest deep gully or trough to the outer sea, and that the appearance of the fish in the mouths of the rivers along the coast at successive intervals, from early spring in the South to near midsummer in the North, is simply due to their taking up their line of march at successive epochs, from the open sea to the river they had left during a previous season, induced by the stimulus of a definite temperature, which, of course, would be successively attained at later and later dates as the distance northward increased.

LOBSTER FARMING.—The large and lucrative industry which has sprung up on the American coasts in the raising of lobsters in tanks has induced some energetic persons to start a lobster farm near Boston, where an area of about thirty-two acres has been laid out and protected for the purpose of cultivating the lobster. On the seaward side it is closed by banks, having hatchets or sluices so as to admit of the flow and ebb of the tide. Last summer about 40,000 lobsters, of all sizes, were deposited in this ground. The maimed and the halt and the lame and probably the blind are accommodated with quarters where they can recover their lost claws; and a creche for the infantile population is provided, where they can increase without the ordinary dangers attendant on lobster infancy. Food, in the shape of refuse fish, etc., is liberally supplied to this interesting community. In the winter the managers evinced the natural deceitfulness of human nature by catching and scalding the lobsters on which so much attention had been lavished, and a fine harvest rewarded them; 15,000 fine lobsters were sold, and the success of the experiment seems complete. Besides lobsters, it is intended that the farm shall be turned to account by being made a nursery for fish of various kinds. As a matter of fact, many eels and other fishes were caught in the Spring. The venture seems a very successful one; and in view of the enormous drain on the natural lobster grounds of America, it is very necessary that some such steps should be taken, as a supplement to the regulations proposed to prevent overfishing, and fishing in the breeding season.

INDIANS FROM ASIA.—Among the forest tribes of Brazil Dr. Martius found traces of the village community with its tribe land common to all, while huts and patches of tilled ground were treated as acquired property, the recognized owners not being individuals but families. This may be well explained as a custom brought by Asiatic immigrants into the American continent. The Chinese anciently divided the land of a village into nine parts. The division was made by two perpendicular and two horizontal parallel lines. The middle square was common land. The eight remaining squares were assigned, to eight heads of families, who cultivated the common square, giving the produce to the Government—this constituted a village. This principle of revenue collection, based on land distribution, existed for many centuries in ancient China, and was afterwards changed for a grain tax in kind, about the time of the building of the Great Wall. Agricultural emigrants to America at any date before 200 B.C. would be familiar with this mode of doing things, and would naturally carry with them the knowledge of this and other customs existing at the time in Eastern Asia. The appearance of a principle of land distribution resembling that of the old Teutons, among American tribes, cannot then be taken as proof that they were progressing and not degenerating, for it may, when our knowledge of ancient America becomes more accurate, be seen to be one of the lingering remains of an older civilization, which in a tropical climate, favorable to indolence, would easily decline. The religious beliefs and social customs of Asiatic and American races are in many respects so similar that there is abundant ground for questioning the originality of any civilized custom found among American tribes. Why should not comparative ethnology one day find the key to solve all such questions?

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

TOOLE, the English comedian, is forty-four.

BEN BUTLER's Ode to the Comet is announced.

SUMNER's complete works will make fifteen volumes.

BRICK POMEROY is about to move his paper to Elmira, N. Y.

SENATOR CARL SCHURZ has returned to his home in St. Louis.

It is proposed to run Mr. Frank Moulton for the Presidency.



PROFESSOR F. V. HAYDEN'S EXPEDITION IN CAMP, ON THE NORTH PLATTE RIVER, COLORADO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. JACKSON.

DR. F. V. HAYDEN, UNITED STATES GEOLOGIST.

DR. HAYDEN was born, of Puritan descent, in Westfield, Mass., September 7th, 1829; emigrated to Ohio, on the Western Reserve, at an early age; was brought up on a farm, and educated at the common schools. He entered Oberlin (O.) College when sixteen years old, and graduated in 1850; he also studied medicine, and graduated from the Albany (N. Y.) Medical College, in 1853.

In the Spring of 1853 he visited the "Bad Lands" of Dakota, on White River, for Professor James Hall, of New York, and explored the remarkable ancient cemeteries there, containing the remains of extinct animals. He returned with a very large collection of fossil vertebrates. In the Spring of 1854 he again ascended the Missouri River, under the auspices of the American Fur Company, and spent two years exploring the Upper Missouri, with no money except what he earned in various ways on the journey. He returned in 1856, with a large collection, a portion of which was deposited in the Academy of Sciences, at St. Louis, and a part in the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia.

The information thus obtained attracted the attention of the officers of the Smithsonian Institution, and he was appointed Geologist on the Staff of Lieutenant G. K. Warren, Topographical Engineers, then making a reconnaissance of the Northwest, and he remained with him until 1861; then he entered the army as Medical Officer; passed examination before a Board; was confirmed by the Senate, Assistant Surgeon and Surgeon of Volunteers on the same day, with the rank of Major; was Chief Medical Officer at Beaufort, S. C., 1863; Assistant Medical Inspector, Department of Washington, for seven months of 1864; then sent to Winchester, Va., at the time of Sheridan's successful battles—19th of September and 19th of October; organized the field hospitals, and was Chief Medical Officer for one year; at the close of the war was breveted Lieutenant Colonel for meritorious services. In the Summer of 1865 he resigned; made an expedition to the Upper Missouri in behalf of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, in 1866; and returned with a valuable collection of vertebrate fossils for the museum.

The United States Geological Survey of the Territories was started in the Spring of 1867 with an appropriation from Congress of \$5,000. In 1868 it was increased to another \$5,000; in 1869 to \$10,000; in 1870 to \$25,000; in 1871 to \$40,000; in 1872 to \$75,000, with \$10,000 for engraving; in 1873 to \$75,000, with \$20,000 for engraving. It has thus grown from small beginnings to its present size, by the personal efforts of Dr. Hayden. He has published six annual reports, and a final report on Nebraska in octavo, three volumes quarto, with numerous illustrations, about a dozen maps, etc. About 3,000 pages, octavo, have been published since 1867, with numerous plates and illustrations, and about 800 quarto, with 70 plates.

Dr. Hayden has written some forty scientific papers outside of the Survey, many of them volumes of considerable size.

He is a Member of the National Academy of Sciences, and also of nearly all Scientific Societies in America; Honorary Member of the Anthropological Society of Great Britain; of the Geographical and Statistical Society of Mexico; Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Liege, Belgium, and of the Academy of Sciences, France; received the degree of A. M. from Oberlin (O.) College, in 1853, and honorary degree of A. M. from the University of Rochester, N. Y., in 1864. We publish a portrait of this remarkable man; also a

sketch of an encampment of the Expedition of 1870 on the North Platte.

DRIVING AWAY GRASSHOPPERS IN IOWA.

WE recently gave a picture of the grasshoppers destroying a Minnesota grain-field. It is a well-known fact that these insects are fond of

hiding themselves in hay or straw. The farmers, knowing this, frequently scatter straw around their field, and, when the grasshoppers are fairly in it, they set it on fire, and thousands of millions of these transparent-winged creatures find an early grave. Another way of putting an end to them is to smoke them. In one county the crops were abundant, and anxious husbandmen were in hopes that these destructive insects would not appear till after the harvest. At once they came,

however, in clouds, and darkened the sun. By a preconcerted plan the farmers set fire to piles of dry straw placed on the borders of the wheat-fields, and smothered the blaze with green hay. That caused volumes of smoke to roll over the fields. The grasshopper's didn't relish the procedure at all. They rose with such a multitudinous hum of wings as to deepen into a roar like distant thunder, and fled the county. We give a page-picture of the scene.

FLOATING HOSPITAL EXCURSION FOR SICK CHILDREN.

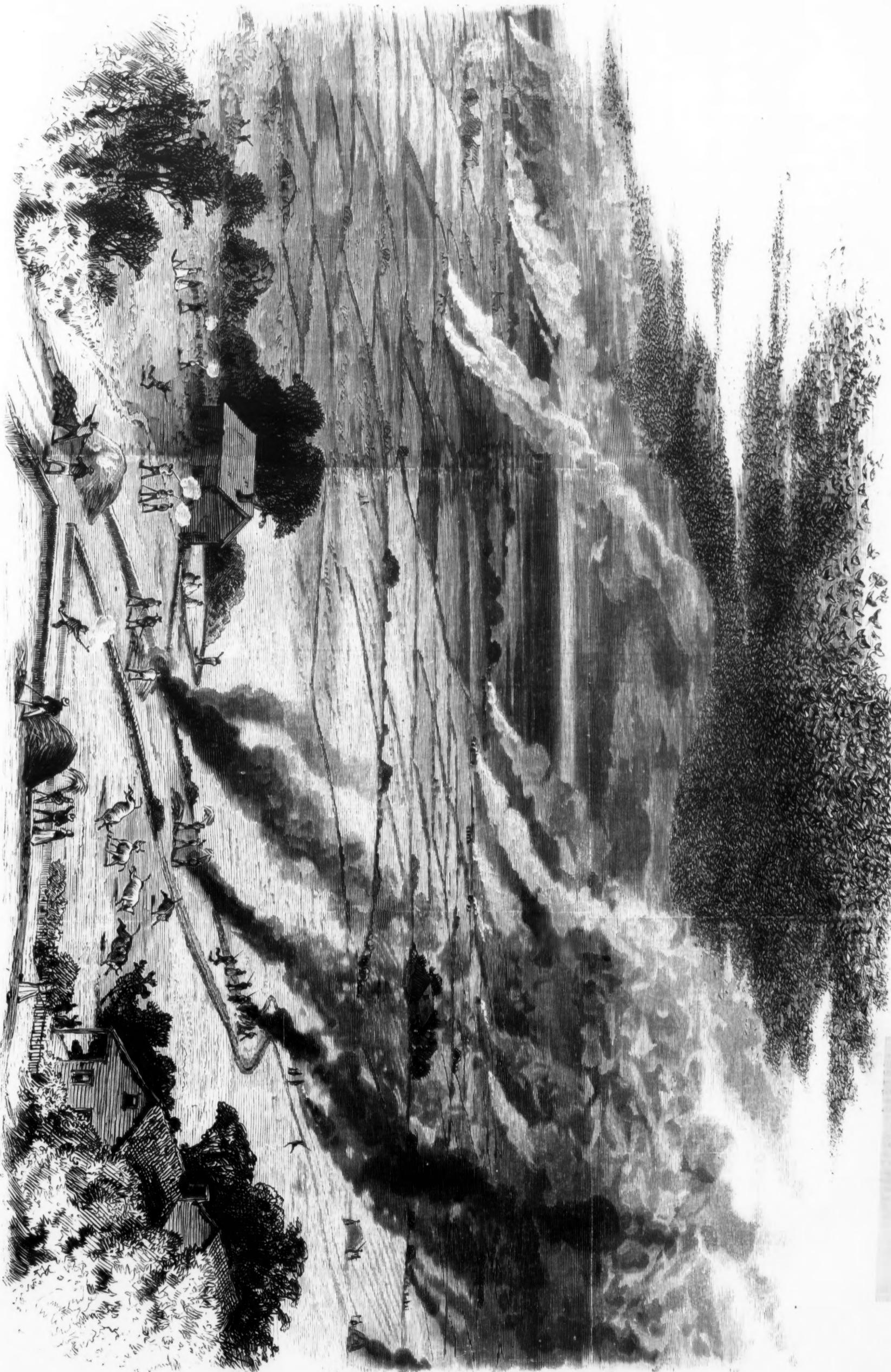
OUR illustration represents a novel excursion, recently made by several hundred children belonging to the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild in New York. It was the first of the kind ever made. The barge, formerly known as the *Harvest Home*, but now the Floating Hospital, left the pier of the White Star Line for a trip up Long Island Sound. Besides the 300 children, there were 200 mothers, and many officers and friends of the Institution. On the upper deck the juvenile band of the Union Home for Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans played selections of music under the direction of Mr. J. S. Johnson. The lower deck was furnished with tables enough to seat 300 persons at a time. Dr. Wm. F. Thoms, chief of the medical staff, was everywhere at the same moment, and did the destitute little ones good service. Many of the women had eaten nothing for hours; one who was sent, with her baby in arms and a little boy at her side, from the station-house in Fifty-ninth Street, had eaten nothing in two days. Breakfast was given them as soon as they came on board, and dinner before they left. Each meal consisted of boiled and roast meats, bread hot from the oven, pure milk, tea, coffee, and rice. Only one accident occurred; a man fell overboard from a small boat in tow, but was rescued by a barge rowed by convicts from the town end of Ward's Island. He was passed to the charge of two fishermen who were near, and who brought him to the *Harvest Home*. The Rev Alvah Wiswall, Master of the Guild, who was aboard the Hospital directing the work, when he did not do it himself, paid all the expenses of the excursion, which were \$150.

GULF OF CALIFORNIA PEARLS.

PEARLS have been sought in the Gulf since the times of Cortez, when they were so abundant that after storms immense banks were thrown up, completely paving the coast for leagues above and below the Bay of Magdalena. They are now less common, though several hundred persons still seek these "jewels of the deep," and at times strike a gem that puts a goodly sum to their credit. Manuel Osio is reputed the luckiest diver in the Gulf. His name has become proverbial, and to be as lucky as Don Manuel is to reach the pinnacle of bivalvular prosperity. The Don is said to have taken upwards of 278 pounds weight of pearls in one year, and, as a sequence, became the richest man in Lower California. Still the Mexican is less enamored of the pearl than the Oriental. The former loves it for his commodity; to the latter it has a deeper significance, a more poetic interest. Pearls have at all times been esteemed one of the most notable commodities of the East. Their modest splendor and simple beauty seem to have captivated the Orientals even more than the dazzling brilliancy of the diamond, and have made them at all times a



PROFESSOR F. V. HAYDEN, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS SOUTHWEST.



THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN IOWA—FARMERS OF WRIGHT COUNTY DRIVING AWAY THE PEST BY BURNING STRAW COVERED WITH GREEN GLASS—SEEN FROM THE AIRPLANE.

[AUGUST 2, 1874.]

favorite ornament of despotic princes. In the West, the passion for this elegant luxury was at its height about the period of the extinction of Roman freedom. At that time pearls were valued as highly as precious stones. In Asia, this taste was of more ancient date, nor has it ever declined. A string of pearls is an indispensable part of the decorations of an Eastern monarch. Hyder Ali was famous for the multitude of his pearls, and innumerable with these jewels Tippoo fell before the gates of his capital.

Paul, contrariwise, loved not these ornaments. That noble spokesman and abominator of things unseemly, charges that "women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." Could the Apostle be quickened now, he might have occasion for stronger language than was his wont to employ, though pearls supply but a fraction in the adornment of modern womanhood.

EVIL SPIRITS OF ASSYRIA.

THE Assyrians believed that all natural phenomena were the work of spirits, and diseases, misfortunes and calamities were caused by evil spirits, of whom they counted several classes. In the Assyrian system it was the especial work of the god Hea and his son Merodach to check and reverse the work of these demons. The history of the seven evil spirits is written on a large clay tablet, part of which is in the British Museum old collection: another considerable portion has now turned up in Sennacherib's palace. The story of these evil spirits is as follows: In the first days there existed evil gods and rebellious spirits in the lower regions of heaven, and they were the authors of misfortune. There were seven of these spirits, who were the messengers of the vengeance of Anu, the supreme god of heaven, the third one was in the shape of a leopard, the seventh one was the maker of the tempest; all the others had distinguishing characteristics, but the list is mutilated. These seven spirits were let loose on the earth: they went from city to city, holding the wind and traveling on the tempest, causing darkness on a clear day; they had with them the tempest of Vul, god of the atmosphere: they came in the west like lightning, and went down to trouble the rivers. In all the heaven of Anu the king they set up evil, and there was none to resist them. At that time the god Bel heard of their doings and weighed the matter in his mind. He took council over these things with Hea, who was the great sage among the gods. Considering that Anu did not govern heaven, which was his division of the universe, properly, and did not keep the wicked spirits in order, Bel, who ruled the earth, and Hea, who ruled the sea, resolved on intervention, and they placed Sin, the moon god, Shamas, the sun god, and Ishtar or Venus, three children of Bel, in the lower part of heaven, to rule it, and they established them with Anu in the government of the whole of the celestial regions, and Bel supported them day and night, and urged them to be united. When the seven evil spirits in their wanderings came to the lower regions of heaven and saw the new rulers, they came fiercely round the moon god to attack him, and the noble Shamas, brother of the moon, and Vul, the god of the atmosphere, son of Anu, they persuaded to come over to their side, while Ishtar, sister of the moon god, joined King Anu, sat with him on his throne, and shared his empire. Sin, the moon god, was now abandoned and hardly pressed by his enemies; while meditating new mischief, the seven evil messengers of Anu, uncontrolled by the moon, swept down from the midst of heaven to earth. Bel, seeing the trouble of his son Sin, called to himself his attendant god, Nusku, and directed him to go to Hea, who dwelt in the deep, and inform him of the trouble that had happened to Sin. Nusku departed, and arriving at the sea, told the message of his lord to Hea. Hea, on hearing of the breakdown of his plans, was very angry, and calling to him his son Merodach, described to him the conduct of the seven spirits who came like a tempest on the world and fought against Sin, the son of Bel, and he directed him to go to his assistance. The rest of this curious myth has not yet been discovered, but there is sufficient to show the character of the story.

PHYSICAL AND SOCIAL DECLINE.

S. R. GARDINER, in his "Thirty Years' War," 1618-1648, speaking of the Germans at that period, says: As is always the case, the physical decline of the population was accompanied by moral decadence. Men accustomed to live by the strong arm, and men who had been accustomed to suffer all things from those who were strong, met one another, even in the days of peace, without that mutual respect which forms the basis of well-ordered life. Courts were crowded with feathered soldiers, whose highest ambition was to bedeck themselves in a splendid uniform and to copy the latest fashion or folly which was in vogue at Paris or Versailles. In the country districts a narrow-minded gentry, without knowledge or culture, domineered over all around, and strove to exact the uttermost farthing from the peasant in order to keep up the outward appearance of rank. The peasant whose father had been bullied by marauding soldiers, dared not lift up his head against the exactions of the squire. The burden of the general impoverishment fell heavily upon his shoulders. The very pattern of the chairs on which he sat, of the vessels out of which he ate and drank, assumed a ruder appearance than they had borne before the war. In all ranks life was meaner, poorer, harder than it had been at the beginning of the century. If much of all this was the result of war, something was owing to causes antecedently at work. The German people in the beginning of the seventeenth century was plainly inferior to the German people in the beginning of the sixteenth century. During the whole course of the war Maximilian of Bavaria was the only man of German birth who rose to eminence, and even he did not attain the first rank. The destinies of the land of Luther and Goethe, of Frederick II. and Stein, were decided by a few men of foreign birth. Wallenstein was a Slavonian, Tilly a Walloon, Gustavus a Swede, Richelieu a Frenchman. The penalty borne by a race which was unable to control individual vigor within the limits of a large and fruitful national life was that individual vigor itself died out.

ONE of the least flattering tributes ever paid to a rising young artist has been paid to a Cincinnati dauber by a Western critic: "He possesses some merits as an artist, but it is hard to say whether it lies in landscape or marine painting. You can never tell his cows from his ships, except when they have their tails exalted, when the absence of spars betray their character. Even then they may be mistaken for schooners scudding under bare poles."

THE DISTRIBUTION OF BEARS.

BY LEIGH ADAMS, F.R.S.

THE contracting of the range and feeding grounds and diversities of food and climate, from far back geological epochs up to the present day, have unquestionably influenced not only the bulk and outward aspect, but also modified the bony skeleton, of many animals. With reference to the Bear Tribe, which is only one of many examples, we find that the largest specimens of fossilized individuals discovered in European caverns, surface soils, and in bogs, are relatively much larger than any instance among living species, only very bulky examples of the grizzly bear (*U. ferus*) being comparable, and they fall short as regards dimensions. A comparison between the small fossil cave bear (*U. priscus*) and the brown bear (*U. arctos*), shows that if not identical they were closely allied; indeed, taking into consideration the various modes by which animals have been expelled from their ancient haunts, there seems good cause to suppose that these two bears claim a common ancestry. According, therefore, to the above view, it may be fairly advanced that the grizzly bear was at one time common to Europe and North America. Again, considering the relative degrees of ferocity of living species—and in these respects they differ specifically to some extent—it is well-known that the grizzly bear is the only one which will attack man unchallenged; indeed, the Arctic, brown, black, and sun bears, etc., rarely assault him, unless when pressed, as in case of wounds, or in guarding their young. We may believe, therefore, that primeval man would have waged a deadly warfare against so conspicuous and powerful an enemy, and would have exterminated the most ferocious bears, thus leaving the brown bear (*U. arctos*) to pursue its ways and frequent its ancient haunts, until advancing civilization in Europe finally repelled it to a few mountainous and secluded regions. The alliance between the brown and grizzly bears is close, but not sufficiently intimate to lead naturalists to consider them one and the same species. In size, of course, the latter is superior, but now and then individuals of the brown species are met with in Asia, if anything, only slightly less bulky. These, however, are exceptions, whereas the remains of the great extinct cave bear (*U. spelæus*) shows that the average dimensions of the animal exceed considerably that of any recent species. Now to return to the geographical range of the brown bear (*U. arctos*). In Asia it is spread over Siberia and the Himalaya. On the latter chains, probably from a long sojourn in the snowy regions, its fur has become fulvous; hence the appellation of Isabella and White Bears bestowed on the denizens of the Cashmere and more eastern ranges. This aberrant form of a well-known animal, the fur of which generally varies from a dark brown to even black, such as obtains in the bears of Northern Europe and Asia, is intensely instructive to naturalists, who, for lack of better information, are often compelled to bestow specific names on slender foundations. A still lighter colored variety (*U. syriacus*) is met with on the mountains of Eastern Turkey and the Caucasus. In America, in the Aleutian Islands, there are "brown and red bears," which, unfortunately for our wants, are not yet described with greater accuracy; it is, however, recorded by Sir John Richardson, that "the barren lands lying to the northward and eastward of Great Slave Lake, and extending to the Arctic Sea, are frequented by a species of bear which differs from the American black bear, in its greater size, profile, physiognomy, longer soles and tail, and from the grizzly bear also in color, and the comparative smallness of its claws. Its greater affinity is with the brown bear of Norway, but its identity with that species has not been established by actual comparison. It frequents the sea-coast in the Autumn in considerable numbers for the purpose of feeding on fish."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

It is said the new converts at Bald Mountain have gone back to card-playing since the volcano proved a failure.

"I WOULDN'T have left, but the people kinder egged me on," said a man who was asked why he quit his Kansas home in a hurry.

The Houston *Chronicle* gayly exclaims: "Glory to God! Two dollars received at this office yesterday! Bring in your wash-bill."

A WEARY New York journalist ventures to suggest to the parties in the Brooklyn scandal that the fare to Liverpool has been reduced to \$15.

"EMERSON has somewhere wished he could write something that everybody would read." Let him write something equal to Tiltin's "statement."

THEY are investigating their arms in France, and had a "special committee sitting at Paris on the sword-bayonet." A special committee sitting on the sword-bayonet is an instructive spectacle.

The following advertisement appeared recently in an English paper: "St. James's Church—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half past three and continue until further notice."

An ingenious mother, whose little boys drive her to the depths of desperation every Summer, has invented a new set of trowsers, with sheet iron knees, riveted down the seams, and water proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

A RIVAL journal says of the Sandusky *Register* that it contained no editorial and only one local item for four days on account of repairs to the office. The "repairs" consisted in putting a lock on a door and washing the windows.

The grasshoppers on their way south stopped a railroad train, and got copies of the St. Paul papers. When they read that only a small portion of the crops had been destroyed, they started back to finish up the job. So says the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.

A WICKED little boy in a Denver Sunday-school was asked by his teacher if he had learned anything during the past week. "Oh, yes," said he. "What is it you have learned?" "Never to lead a deuce when you've got an ace back of it," was the reply.

It is no trouble to get a darkey to saw up your wood. If you will just pay him a dollar a load, hire a boy to hold the sticks steady on the buck, fix up a shade for him to rest in, and have ice-water and lunch handy, the job will be done in less than a week from the time you enter into the arrangements.

How it goes to be fresh married in Buena Vista is thus told by the Sioux Rapids *Echo*: "One of our young married men thinks so much of his lovely wife that he lights the candle two or three times every night to look at her. Then he quietly goes to sleep, and chuckles in his slumber like a turkey gobbler, he feels so good."

AN insane lunatic, evidently deranged and out of his head, writes to us asking who was Caspar Hauser? Who was the Man in the Iron Mask? Who was Junius? Honest Indian, we don't know. And we return the same answer to the other maniac who inquires, "Who struck Billy Paterson, and who was Nihil, and who was it fit with?"

THE LAST GIFT CONCERT POSTPONED.

THE announcement of the postponement of the last gift concert of the Public Library of Kentucky will not surprise the public. In Governor Bramlette's card, he gives reasons for it which will be accepted without question by every one. The management in this instance, consulting the interests of ticket-holders and those designing to become ticket-holders, have not waited until the fast day to make this announcement, but, just as soon as they became satisfied of the necessity of this postponement, have promptly made the announcement. It is unnecessary to review the causes which have necessitated this action. The promptness and frankness with which the public have been made aware of the intention of the manager will meet with the hearty commendation of every one, and excite such a new interest and confidence in the scheme and the ability of the manager to perform what he promises, that there can be no doubt that on the day specified the last concert will be a full one.

WHAT ARE ENGLISH CHANNEL SHOES?—All sewed shoes have the seam that unites sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the bottom of the sole. This channel has generally been cut in from the edge, leaving a flimsy lip that soon turns up and makes a ragged sole. In England they cut this channel from the surface, as in hand-sewed shoes, and the lip cannot turn up. This channel cannot be cut in poor leather, and thus indicates a good article. A dark line running round the sole near the edge shows where the English Channel is cut.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is in every case infallible, and for his celebrated COMBINE and PIMPER REMEDY, the GREAT MEDICINE for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh WORMS, or consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond Street, New York.

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1 Prize of 50,000
1 Prize of 25,000
2 Prizes of 10,000
6 Prizes of 5,000

807 other Prizes amounting to \$100,000. Information furnished; orders filled; circulars sent free on application. Spanish Bank Bills and Governments purchased. Prices greatly reduced. Whole Tickets reduced to \$20.

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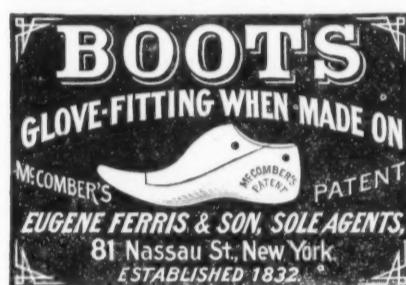
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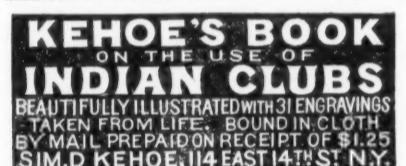
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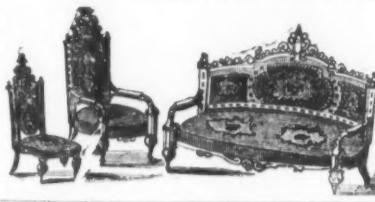
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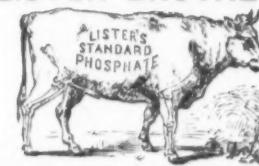
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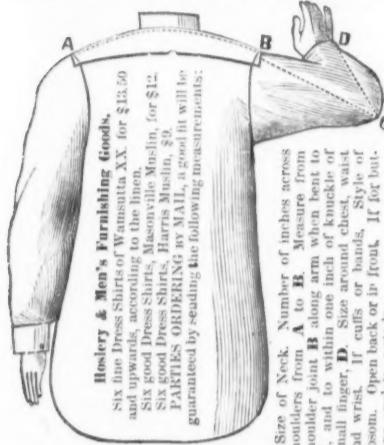
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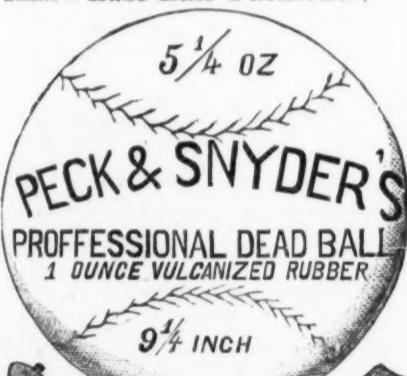


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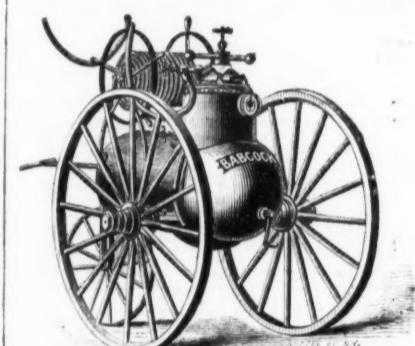
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